WEIRD ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS—THE UNIVERSE OF THE FUTURE
PLANET
MAY
NO. 36
GALE ALLEN
FIGHTS A SPACE RAIDER
IN "COLOSSUS
OF THE
BLOOD-MOON"
ALSO MARS
GOD OF WAR
STAR PIRATE
LOST WORLD

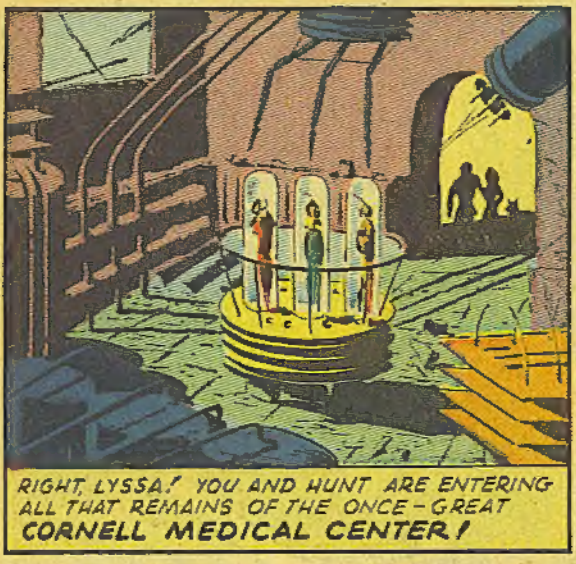
The LOST WORLD
By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK
TOO LONG HAVE HUNT BOWMAN AND LYSSA WANDERED, ORPHANS OF A WORLD LOST TO A RAVENING HORDE FROM OUTER SPACE! YET LITTLE DID THEY RECK THAT THREE MORE HELPLESS THAN THEY WERE AUGURS OF A RE-AWAKENING ...OF THE TIME WHEN THE WORLD WOULD FIGHT BACK!
ONCE APPROACH YORK...
AGAIN HUNT AND LYSSA APPROACH THE SHAMBLES OF NEW YORK...
THIS WAS ONCE A MIGHTY BRIDGE, HUNT!
AND A MIGHTY JOB TO CROSS BY THE ONE CABLE REMAINING!
POOR LOBO! HE'LL HAVE TO SWIM ACROSS!
SUDDENLY—
LYSSA! A VOLTA PATROL SHIP! THEY'VE SEEN US!

ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS, LYSSA!
B-BUT HUNT! IT'S SO FAR DOWN!
NEVER MIND THAT! LET'S GO!
AAAH!
The TERRIFIC SPLASH STUNS THEM... AND THEN THEY ARE SWIMMING!
AND STAY UNDER AS LONG AS YOU CAN!
WE SAW THEM FALL-THEY HERE-SOMEWHERE... SEARCH ALL!
BUT THE CREW OF THE VOLTA SHIP HAS OTHER IDEAS!
DROWNED ARE THEY?
AFTER SOME TIME-
OH, HUNT- I CAN HARDLY STAND UP!
I KNOW... WE'LL LIE ON THE SHORE TO REST- AND WAIT FOR LOBO!
2

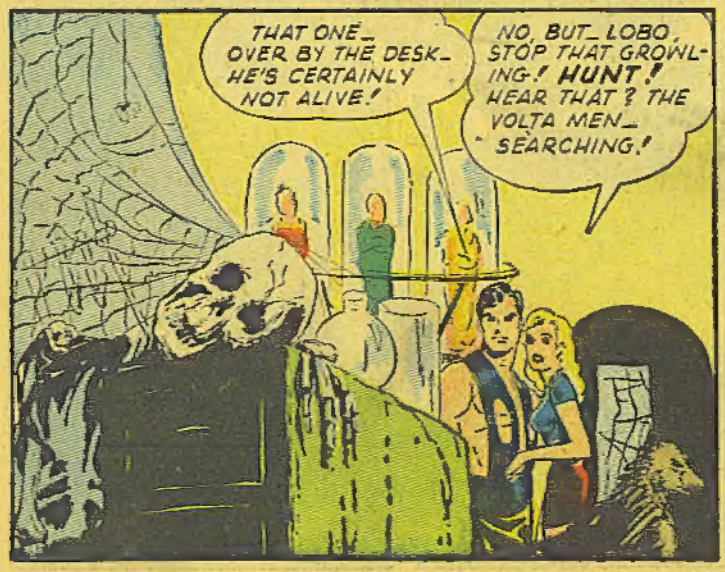
NO TIME TO REST! QUICK_ INTO THESE RUINS! AH_ HERE COMES LOBO!

GOOD OLD LOBO! YOU MADE IT!
HURRY_ WE'D BETTER KEEP GOING!

WHAT KIND OF A PLACE WAS THIS, LYSSA?
SOME KIND OF SCIENTIFIC CENTER... I THINK...


RIGHT, LYSSA! YOU AND HUNT ARE ENTERING ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE ONCE-GREAT CORNELL MEDICAL CENTER!

HUNT! HUMANS_ LIKE US!
MUST BE ONLY STATUES, LYSSA... THEY COULDN'T BE ALIVE_ NOW!


THAT ONE_ OVER BY THE DESK_ HE'S CERTAINLY NOT ALIVE!
NO, BUT_ LOBO, STOP THAT GROWLING! HUNT! HEAR THAT? THE VOLTA MEN_ SEARCHING!

INTO THAT CLOSET! AND MUZZLE LOBO!

DID THEY IN HERE COME?
AGH! MORE SILLY EARTHLINGS! INTO MACHINES THEY PUT TO KEEP THEM FOREVER?
HERE IS SWITCH- IF PULLED, WHAT HAPPENS?
WHAT HAPPENS? A GENERATOR'S WHINE RISES- SHRIEKS- RIBBONS OF LIGHTNING WRITHE -CRACKLE- AND SUDDENLY THE WHOLE ROOM EXPLODES IN A VICIOUS GLARE! ...THEN...
OUT OF THE CATACLYSMIC BLAST OF FORCE- INTO THE STUNNED SILENCE- STEP THREE WIDE-EYED, TREMBLING CHILDREN!

BONNIE! ROBIN! GOSH, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
WE ARE TOO, BRUCE!

FATHER'S EXPERIMENT WAS A SUCCESS! WE HAVE BEEN REVIVED!
MY, THIS PLACE IS A MESS.. AND WHERE'S FATHER?
I DON'T KNOW.. WHAT'S THAT THING OVER THERE?

IT..IT'S FATHER! WH..WHY..HE MUST HAVE DIED OF OLD AGE!

POOR DAD!
WE'LL (SOB) MISS HIM!
I WONDER WHO REVIVED US?
INTERESTING VERY!.. YOU LIVE.. YOU DIE.. YOU LIVE...NOW WE SEE IF YOU DIE AGAIN!
HEY.. WHAT? AREN'T YOU GOING TO GIVE US A CHANCE?
5

WE THE SWITCH PULL!
WH-!
AAH! YOU HORRIBLE CREATURES!
G-GOSH!

Suddenly
A-A-RGH!
AN ARROW!
THE EARTHLING IT IS!
I CAN'T STAND BY AND SEE CHILDREN MURDERED!
QUICK, GANG! IT'S OUR CHANCE!
ALL TOGETHER!
THERE! THAT DOES IT!
BUT-BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE STATUES!
OH-NO! WE'RE REAL HUMAN BEINGS...WE-
BUT-I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
HUNT! WHY DON'T YOU LET THEM EXPLAIN?

OUR FATHER WAS A GREAT SCIENTIST_ BACK IN 2110_ HE MADE US THE SUBJECTS OF AN EXPERIMENT IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION_ I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY HE DIED WITHOUT WAKING US UP AGAIN!
I GUESS IT WAS THESE CREATURES WHO_WHO INTERRUPTED HIS WORK, BONNIE! LOOKS AS IF THEY INTERRUPTED JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING...WHO ARE THEY? AND WHO ARE YOU?
THESE MONSTERS ARE FROM A PLANET IN OUTER SPACE...THEY INVADED THE WORLD AND DESTROYED OUR CIVILIZATION... HUNT BOWMAN AND I HAVE BEEN PRETTY LONELY_ UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG!
HOW HORRIBLE! ISN'T THERE SOME WAY WE CAN DRIVE OUT THESE HORRID THINGS?
THEIR SCIENCE_AT LEAST FOR WAR_ IS SUPERIOR TO OURS!
AND THEY ARE VERY HARD TO KILL!
YES, LYSSA_ HARD TO KILL, LIKE A SNAKE, AND_LIKE A SNAKE_ VICIOUS AND TREACHEROUS!
BRUCE! WHAT HAPPENED?
THIS VOLTA MAN DID IT! AND IT'S HIS LAST TRICK!
B_B_BRUCE! BRUCIE_S_S_SAY SOMETHING! BRUCE!
BONNIE! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! BESIDE IT_IT'S_NO USE_

I-I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO GO ON WITHOUT BRUCE!
COME ON, SIS, YOU'RE MAKING IT TOUGHER FOR ME AND YOURSELF!
WAIT! WHAT DID DAD TRAIN ME TO BE A SURGEON FOR?
WH-WHY-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THAT VOLTA MAN YOU JUST KNOCKED DOWN-HE'S STILL ALIVE! HIS KNIFE WOUND WILL HEAL!-AND, WHILE BRUCE'S BODY IS NO LONGER ANY GOOD, HIS BRAIN IS STILL ALIVE! BONNIE, DO YOU RECALL WHERE DAD KEPT HIS INSTRUMENTS?
OH, ROBIN, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN-?
THINK I CAN? I MUST! BRUCE WAS ALREADY A GREAT CHEMIST-WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE HIM!
AND SOON-
NOW WE'RE READY TO BEGIN... I GUESS! BONNIE-THE SAW!
IF I CAN ONLY KEEP MY HANDS STEADY!

SILENCE...THE CLINK OF STEEL...ROBIN'S RAGGED BREATHING...
THERE! THAT'S THE LAST STITCH_I_I CAN'T DO ANYMORE...
BUT_ROBIN! WHY DOESN'T HE MOVE?
I_I_I DON'T KNOW, SIS_
_M_MAYBE THE WHOLE THING'S A FAILURE!
I TRIED! DAD_I DID MY BEST!
YOU WERE FINE, MY FRIEND!
SUDDENLY.
ARGH! HERE THE EARTHMAN IS!
ARGH! AND OTHERS ARE TOO!

YES - AND HERE'S ONE OF YOUR VICTIMS!

ATTACK - AND SELL YOURSELVES DEARLY!
FOR THE LOST WORLD!

But WHAT CAN THEY DO AGAINST SUCH ODDS?

ARGH! WE THE EARTHLINGS CATCH AT LAST!

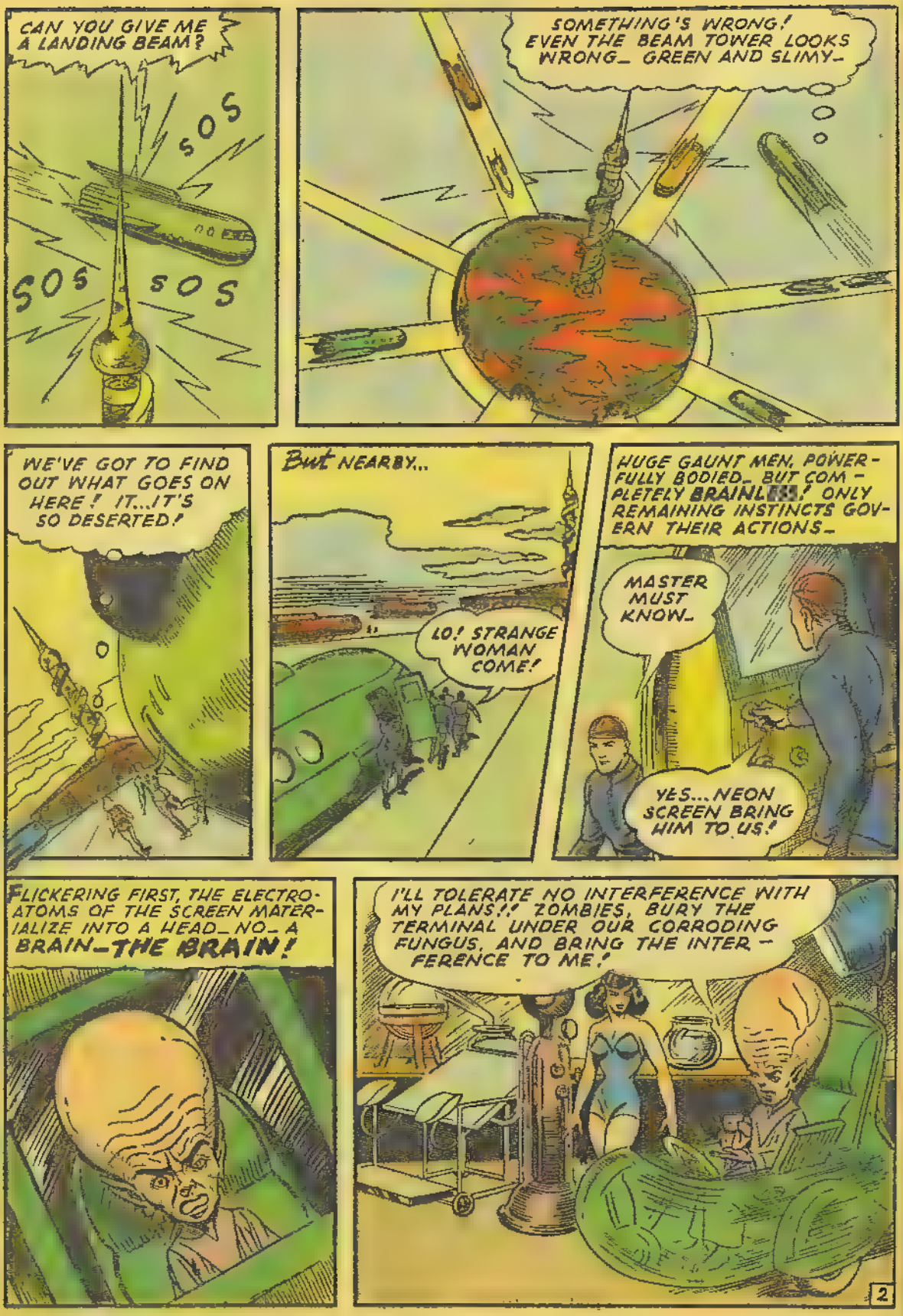
SSSO! THESE MORE ARE OF THE SAVAGE EARTH PEOPLE!

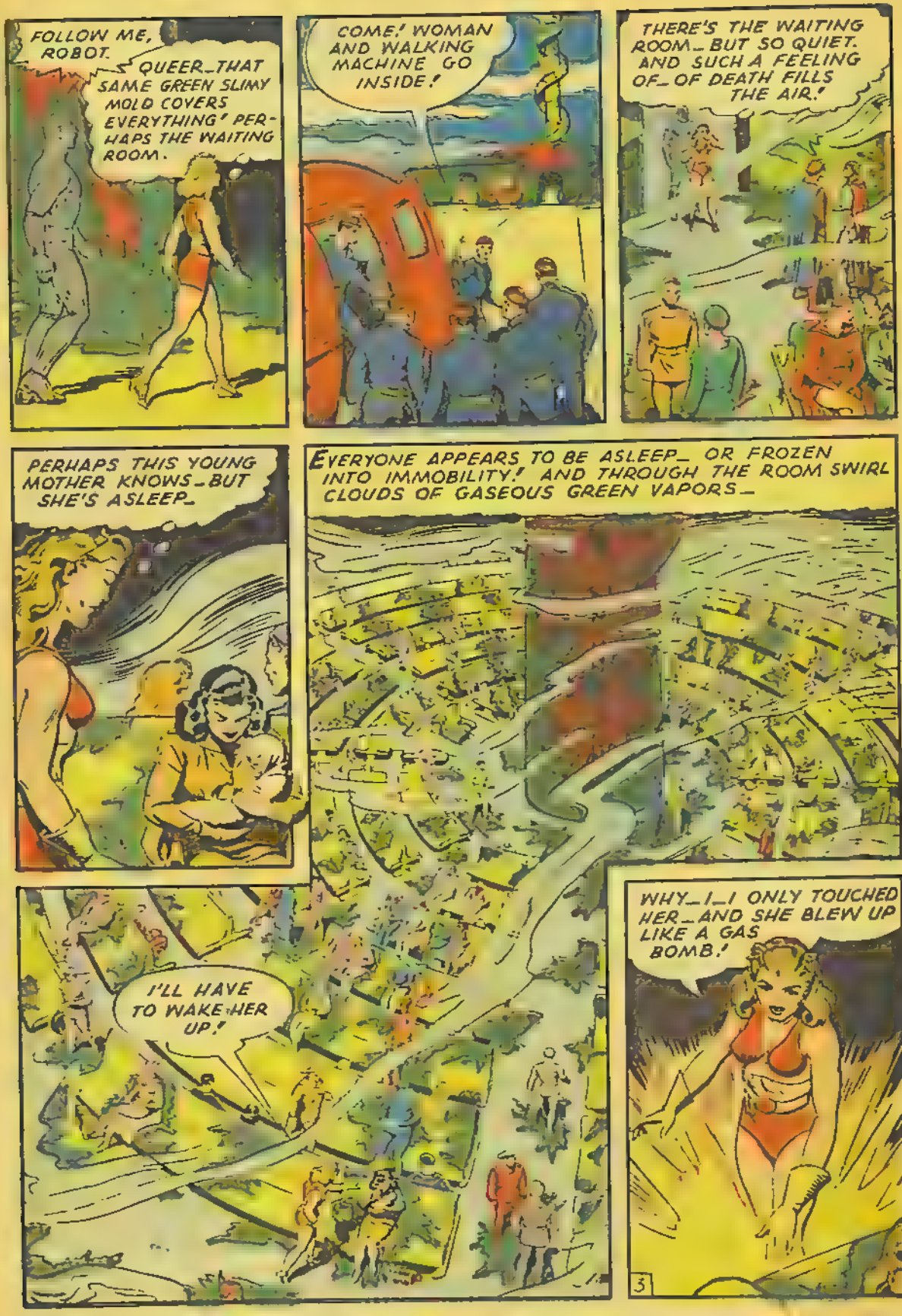
TAKE TO OUTSIDE FOR DEATH INSTANTLY.

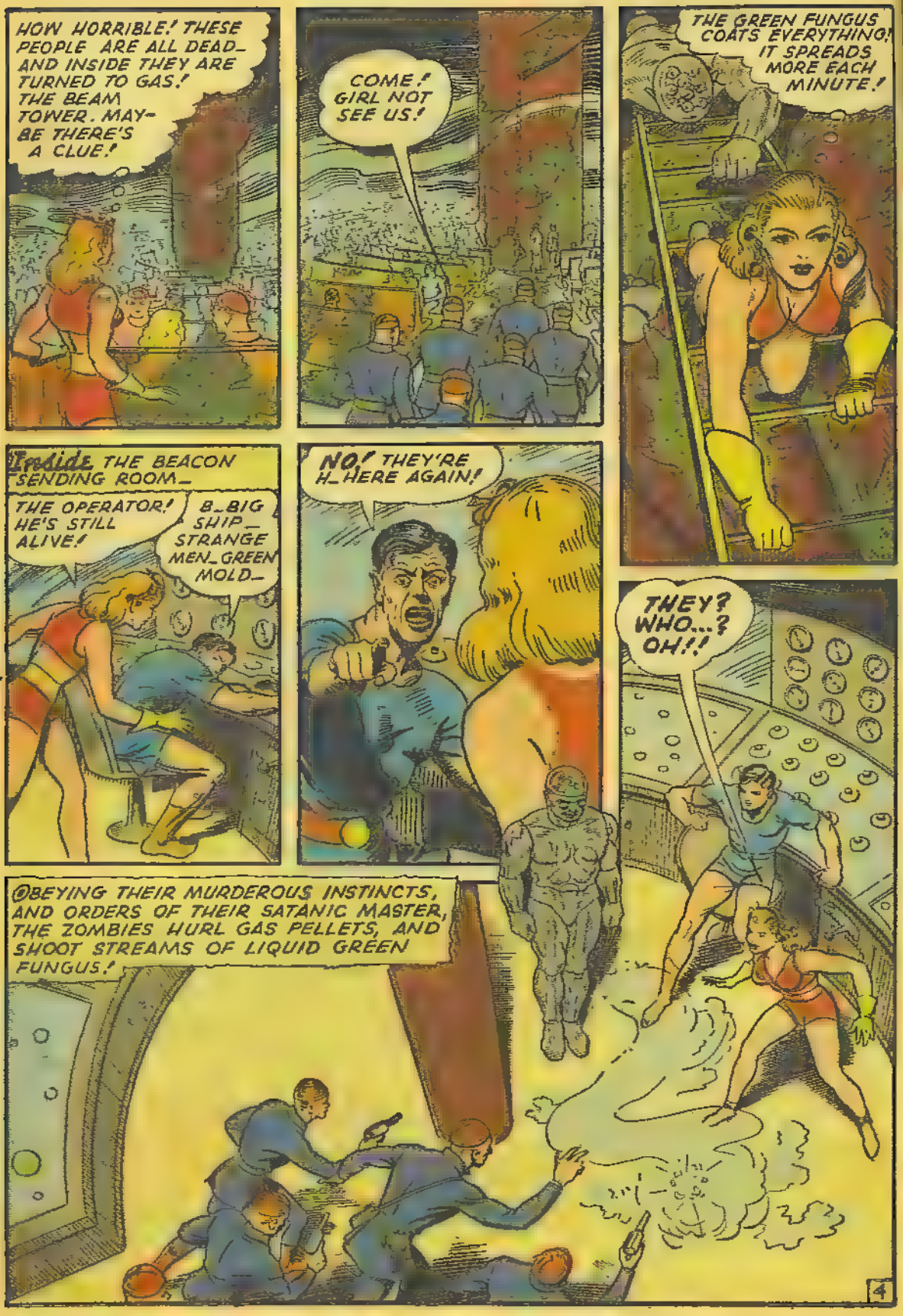
COURAGE, BONNIE— REMEMBER BRUCE AND DAD!
B-BUT WE ONLY JUST CAME ALIVE!
HUNT, DEAR— I LOVE YOU!
AND I LOVE YOU TOO, LYSSA—I ALWAYS WILL!
CEASE TO TALK— FOR NOW YOU DIE!
NO— NOT FAIR IS! REVENGE MY RIGHT IS!
WE THEM KILL WITHOUT DELAY!
BUT THEY TRY KILL ME! BY ANCIENT RIGHT I AM TO KILL THEM!
ARGH!
YOU FOOLISH, THARK— BUT— YOU HAVE THE RIGHT... MY BLASTER TAKE.
PREPARE TO DIE PEOPLE OF EARTH!

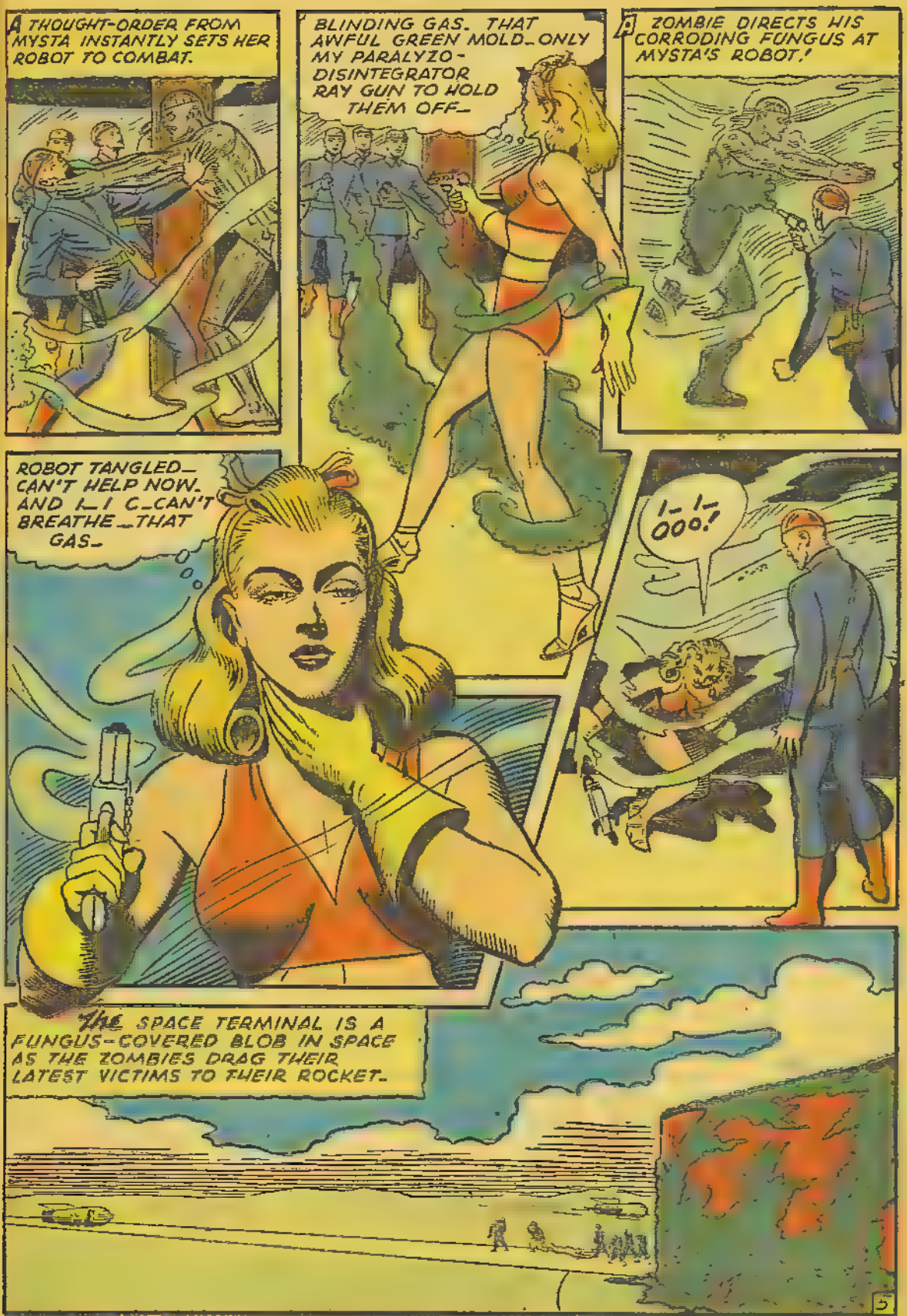
-OR- MAYBE IT'D BE BETTER IF YOU ROTTERS DIED!
BRUCE! IT'S BRUCE!
MY VOLTA INSTINCTS- TELL MY EARTH BRAIN- HOW TO WORK THIS THING- SO- DIE, YOU DEVILS, DIE!
QUICK- THE BLASTERS USE!
HE INSANE!
HEY- WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? LET BRUCE KILL THEM ALL?
TO THE KILL!
And SUDDENLY- IT'S ALL OVER!
MAKE SURE THERE ISN'T A SPARK LEFT IN ANY OF THEM!
BRUCE- YOU- YOU LIVE!
YES, THANKS TO YOU- ROBIN- BUT- IN WHAT A TERRIBLE SHAPE! BONNIE- CAN YOU- CAN YOU STAND THE SIGHT OF ME?
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE BROTHER BRUCE TO ME- AND YOU KNOW IT!
LYSSA, I DIDN'T KNOW HUMANS COULD BE SO BRAVE!
HUNT BOWMAN AND HIS NEW FRIENDS FIGHT FOR THE LOST WORLD IN THE NEXT PLANET COMICS!

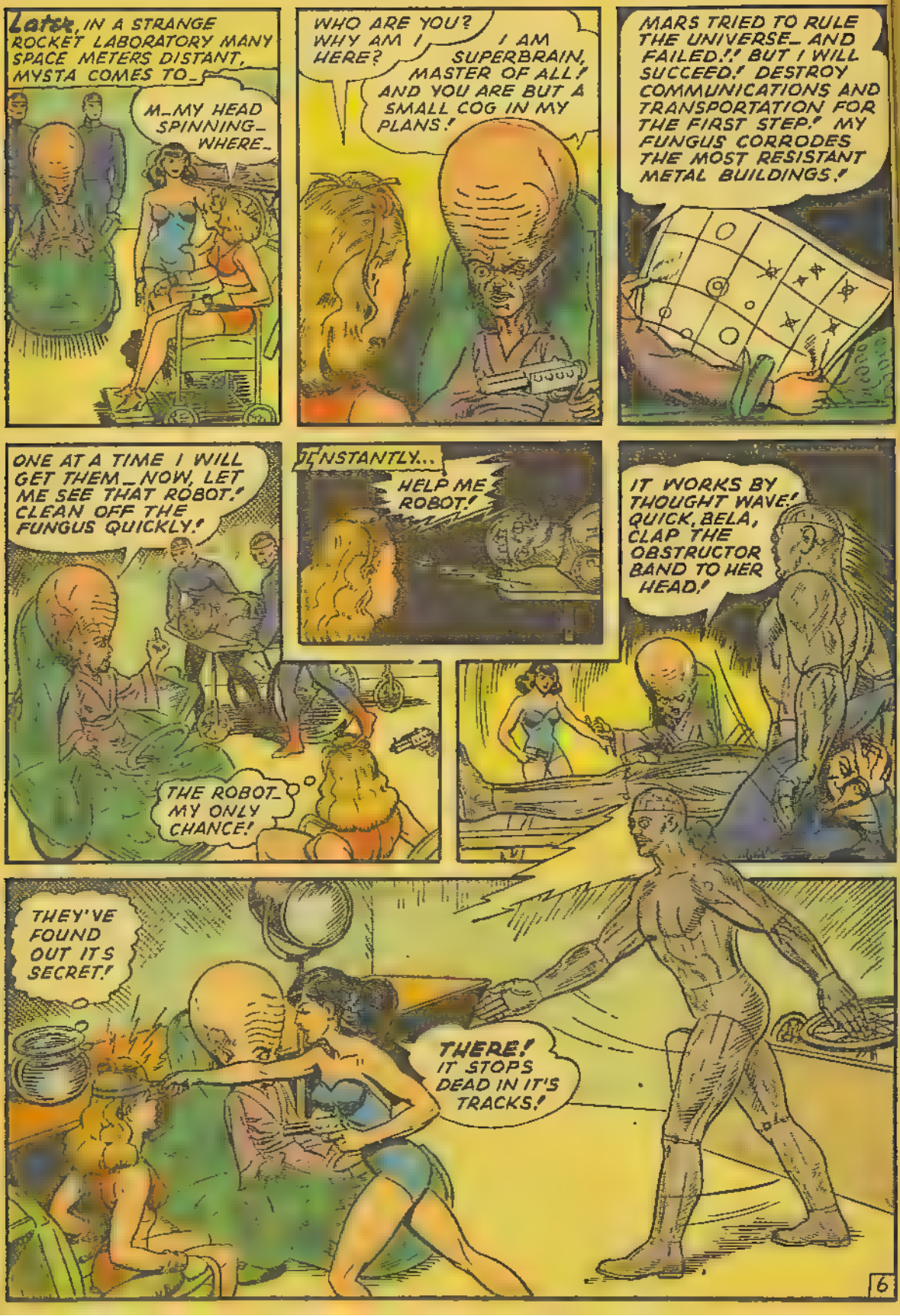
MYSTA
OF THE MOON
By ROSS GALLUN
TELEVISOR
AND WHY DOES MARS LAUGH? DID NOT THE CRUEL GOD OF WAR FINALLY MEET HIS MATCH IN MYSTA, THE LITTLE MAID OF THE MOON_INTO WHOSE PRETTY HEAD IS PACKED ALL SCIENCE, ALL KNOWLEDGE, ALL WISDOM? OR DOES MARS LAUGH, KNOWING MYSTA IS ABOUT TO ENCOUNTER ONE MORE TERRIBLE, MORE VICIOUS THAN EVEN HE?
BUT MYSTA, ALL UNKNOWING, APPROACHES A SPACE TERMINAL IN THE GREAT VOID.
WHY DON'T THEY ANSWER?

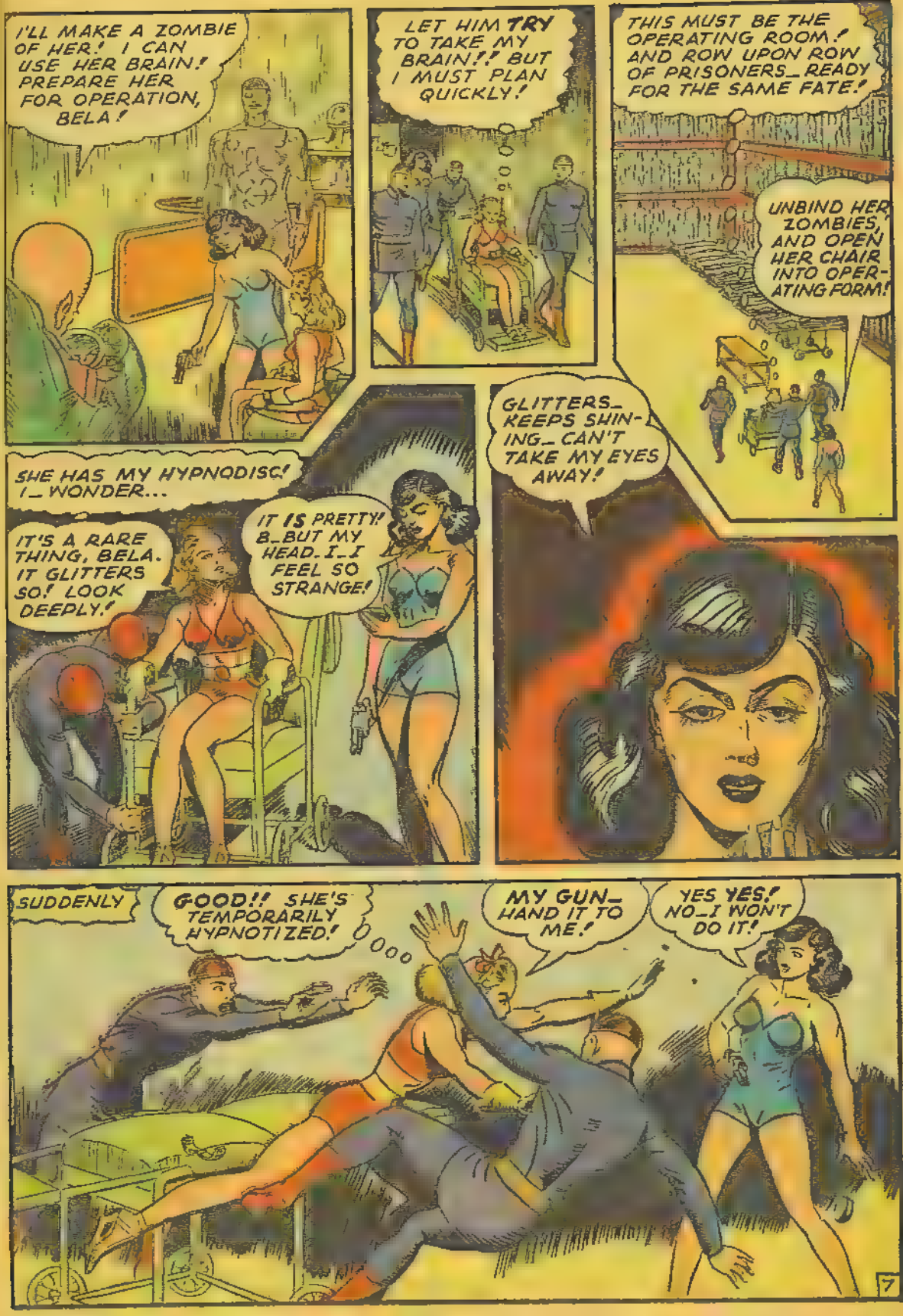

CAN YOU GIVE ME A LANDING BEAM?
SOS
SOS
SOS
SOS
SOMETHING'S WRONG! EVEN THE BEAM TOWER LOOKS WRONG— GREEN AND SLIMY—
WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON HERE! IT...IT'S SO DESERTED!
But NEARBY...
LO! STRANGE WOMAN COME!
HUGE GAUNT MEN, POWERFULLY BODIED— BUT COMPLETELY BRAINLESS! ONLY REMAINING INSTINCTS GOVERN THEIR ACTIONS—
MASTER MUST KNOW—
YES... NEON SCREEN BRING HIM TO US!
FLICKERING FIRST, THE ELECTRO-ATOMS OF THE SCREEN MATERIALIZE INTO A HEAD— NO— A BRAIN—THE BRAIN!
I'LL TOLERATE NO INTERFERENCE WITH MY PLANS!! ZOMBIES, BURY THE TERMINAL UNDER OUR CORRODING FUNGUS, AND BRING THE INTERFERENCE TO ME!


FOLLOW ME, ROBOT.
QUEER—THAT SAME GREEN SLIMY MOLD COVERS EVERYTHING! PERHAPS THE WAITING ROOM.
COME! WOMAN AND WALKING MACHINE GO INSIDE!
THERE'S THE WAITING ROOM—BUT SO QUIET. AND SUCH A FEELING OF—OF DEATH FILLS THE AIR!
PERHAPS THIS YOUNG MOTHER KNOWS—BUT SHE'S ASLEEP—
EVERYONE APPEARS TO BE ASLEEP— OR FROZEN INTO IMMOBILITY! AND THROUGH THE ROOM SWIRL CLOUDS OF GASEOUS GREEN VAPORS—
I'LL HAVE TO WAKE HER UP!
WHY—I—I ONLY TOUCHED HER—AND SHE BLEW UP LIKE A GAS BOMB!
3

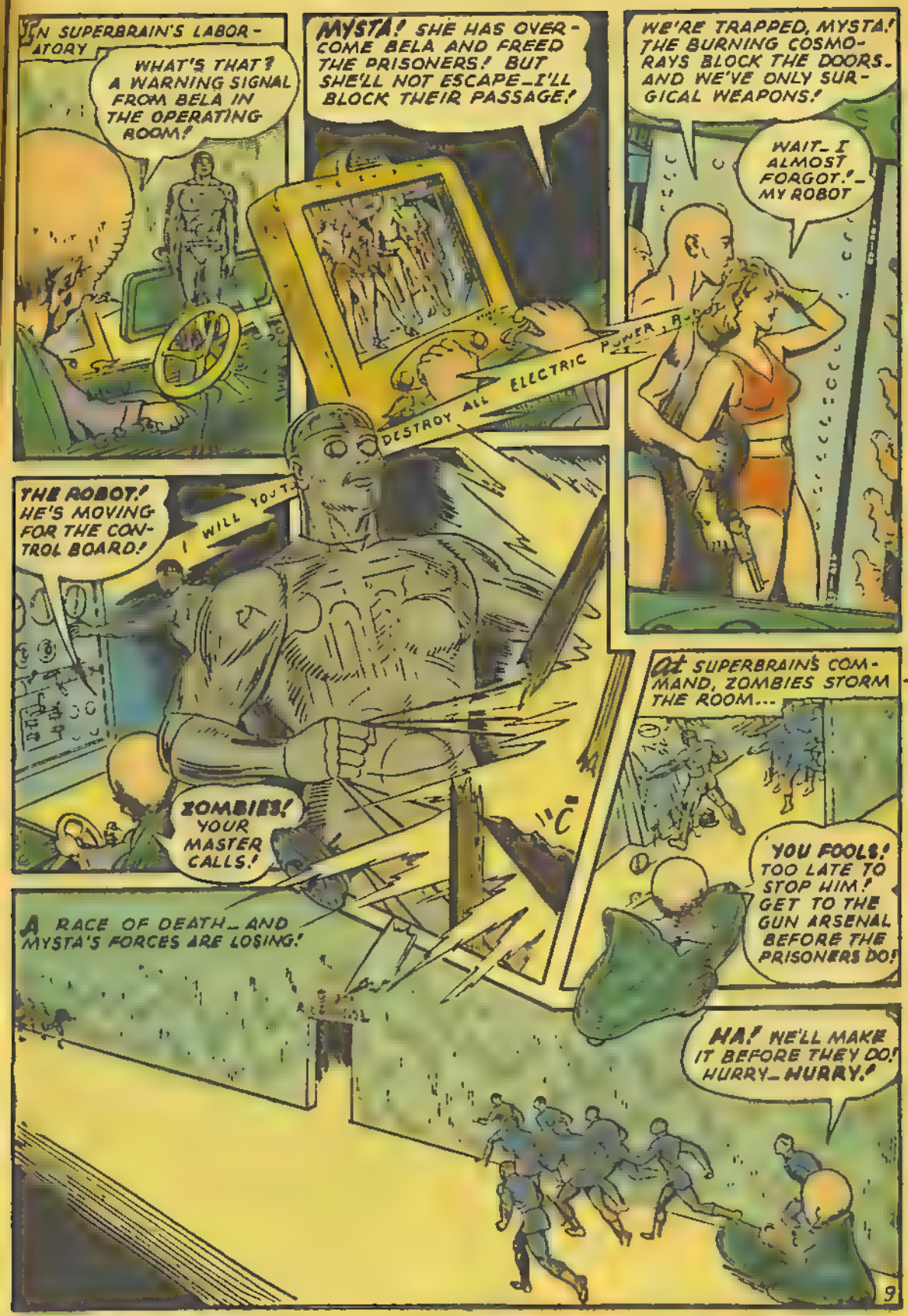

HOW HORRIBLE! THESE PEOPLE ARE ALL DEAD— AND INSIDE THEY ARE TURNED TO GAS! THE BEAM TOWER. MAY-BE THERE'S A CLUE!
COME! GIRL NOT SEE US!
THE GREEN FUNGUS COATS EVERYTHING! IT SPREADS MORE EACH MINUTE!
Inside THE BEACON SENDING ROOM—
THE OPERATOR! HE'S STILL ALIVE!
B—BIG SHIP— STRANGE MEN—GREEN MOLD—
NO! THEY'RE H—HERE AGAIN!
THEY? WHO...? OH!!
OBEYING THEIR MURDEROUS INSTINCTS, AND ORDERS OF THEIR SATANIC MASTER, THE ZOMBIES HURL GAS PELLETS, AND SHOOT STREAMS OF LIQUID GREEN FUNGUS!
4

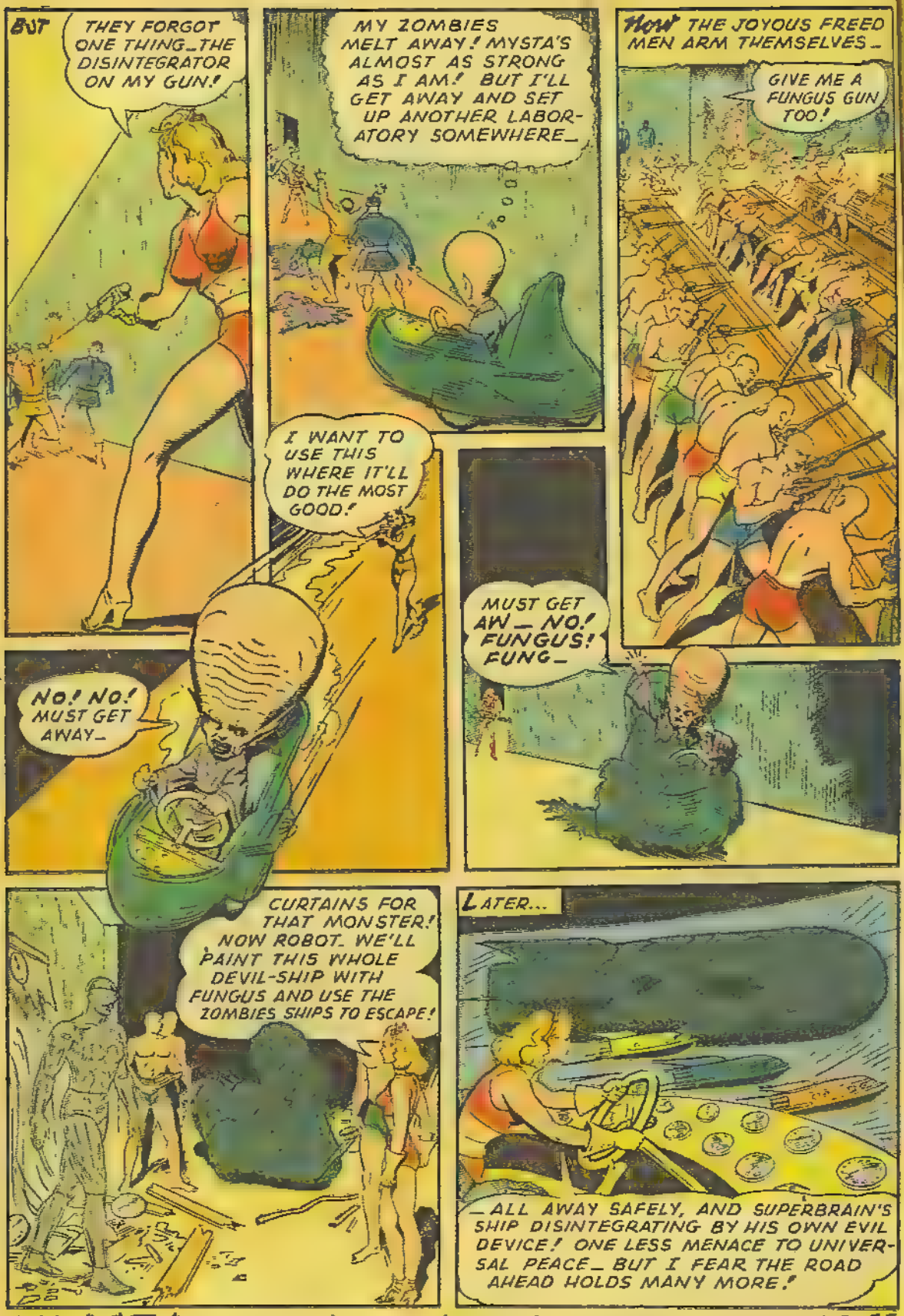

A THOUGHT-ORDER FROM MYSTA INSTANTLY SETS HER ROBOT TO COMBAT.
BLINDING GAS. THAT AWFUL GREEN MOLD_ONLY MY PARALYZO-DISINTEGRATOR RAY GUN TO HOLD THEM OFF_
ZOMBIE DIRECTS HIS CORRODING FUNGUS AT MYSTA'S ROBOT.!
ROBOT TANGLED_ CAN'T HELP NOW. AND I_I C_CAN'T BREATHE_THAT GAS_
I-I-OOO!
THE SPACE TERMINAL IS A FUNGUS-COVERED BLOB IN SPACE AS THE ZOMBIES DRAG THEIR LATEST VICTIMS TO THEIR ROCKET_
5


Later, IN A STRANGE ROCKET LABORATORY MANY SPACE METERS DISTANT, MYSTA COMES TO_
M_MY HEAD SPINNING_ WHERE_
WHO ARE YOU? WHY AM I HERE?
I AM SUPERBRAIN, MASTER OF ALL! AND YOU ARE BUT A SMALL COG IN MY PLANS!
MARS TRIED TO RULE THE UNIVERSE_ AND FAILED!! BUT I WILL SUCCEED! DESTROY COMMUNICATIONS AND TRANSPORTATION FOR THE FIRST STEP! MY FUNGUS CORRODES THE MOST RESISTANT METAL BUILDINGS!
ONE AT A TIME I WILL GET THEM_ NOW, LET ME SEE THAT ROBOT! CLEAN OFF THE FUNGUS QUICKLY!
THE ROBOT_ MY ONLY CHANCE!
INSTANTLY...
HELP ME ROBOT!
IT WORKS BY THOUGHT WAVE! QUICK, BELA, CLAP THE OBSTRUCTOR BAND TO HER HEAD!
THEY'VE FOUND OUT IT'S SECRET!
THERE! IT STOPS DEAD IN IT'S TRACKS!


I'LL MAKE A ZOMBIE OF HER! I CAN USE HER BRAIN! PREPARE HER FOR OPERATION, BELA!
LET HIM TRY TO TAKE MY BRAIN?! BUT I MUST PLAN QUICKLY!
THIS MUST BE THE OPERATING ROOM! AND ROW UPON ROW OF PRISONERS_ READY FOR THE SAME FATE!
UNBIND HER, ZOMBIES, AND OPEN HER CHAIR INTO OPERATING FORM!
SHE HAS MY HYPNODISC! I_ WONDER...
IT'S A RARE THING, BELA. IT GLITTERS SO! LOOK DEEPLY!
IT IS PRETTY! B_BUT MY HEAD. I_I FEEL SO STRANGE!
GLITTERS_ KEEPS SHINING_ CAN'T TAKE MY EYES AWAY!
SUDDENLY
GOOD!! SHE'S TEMPORARILY HYPNOTIZED!
MY GUN_ HAND IT TO ME!
YES YES! NO_I WON'T DO IT!
7

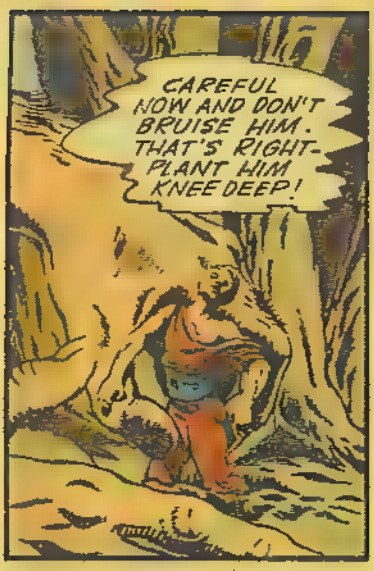
SHE'S NOT COMPLETELY HYPNOTIZED! I MUST FIGHT FOR THE GUN!
AS WATCHING FROM THE CELLS ABOVE...
SHE'S GOT THE GUN— BUT THE ZOMBIES ATTACK! WATCH OUT. BEHIND YOU!
OH!
THANKS, FRIEND! I'LL FREE YOU ALL SOON!
THERE! THE METAL IS WEAK AS WATER NOW!
CHANG FROM PARALYZO TO DISINTEGRATOR.
BACK AGAINST YOUR CELL WALLS SO THE HEAT OF MY DISINTEGRATOR WON'T BURN YOU!
WITH YOUR HELP, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FINISH OFF SUPER-BRAIN AND HIS WHOLE BRAINLESS MOB!
WE KNOW WHERE HIS FUNGUS GUN ARSENAL IS.
But UNNOTICED...
THEY THINK I'M STILL OUT— BUT I MUST WARN THE MASTER!
8


IN SUPERBRAIN'S LABORATORY
WHAT'S THAT? A WARNING SIGNAL FROM BELA IN THE OPERATING ROOM!
MYSTA! SHE HAS OVERCOME BELA AND FREED THE PRISONERS! BUT SHE'LL NOT ESCAPE—I'LL BLOCK THEIR PASSAGE!
DESTROY ALL ELECTRIC POWER!
WE'RE TRAPPED, MYSTA! THE BURNING COSMO-RAYS BLOCK THE DOORS—AND WE'VE ONLY SURGICAL WEAPONS!
WAIT—I ALMOST FORGOT!—MY ROBOT
THE ROBOT! HE'S MOVING FOR THE CONTROL BOARD!
I WILL YOU!
ZOMBIES! YOUR MASTER CALLS!
At SUPERBRAIN'S COMMAND, ZOMBIES STORM THE ROOM...
YOU FOOLS! TOO LATE TO STOP HIM! GET TO THE GUN ARSENAL BEFORE THE PRISONERS DO!
A RACE OF DEATH—AND MYSTA'S FORCES ARE LOSING!
HA! WE'LL MAKE IT BEFORE THEY DO! HURRY—HURRY!


BUT THEY FORGOT ONE THING_THE DISINTEGRATOR ON MY GUN!
MY ZOMBIES MELT AWAY! MYSTA'S ALMOST AS STRONG AS I AM! BUT I'LL GET AWAY AND SET UP ANOTHER LABORATORY SOMEWHERE_
NOW THE JOYOUS FREED MEN ARM THEMSELVES_
GIVE ME A FUNGUS GUN TOO!
I WANT TO USE THIS WHERE IT'LL DO THE MOST GOOD!
MUST GET AW_ NO! FUNGUS! FUNG_
NO! NO! MUST GET AWAY_
CURTAINS FOR THAT MONSTER! NOW ROBOT_ WE'LL PAINT THIS WHOLE DEVIL-SHIP WITH FUNGUS AND USE THE ZOMBIES SHIPS TO ESCAPE!
LATER...
ALL AWAY SAFELY, AND SUPERBRAIN'S SHIP DISINTEGRATING BY HIS OWN EVIL DEVICE! ONE LESS MENACE TO UNIVERSAL PEACE BUT I FEAR THE ROAD AHEAD HOLDS MANY MORE!

Gale Allen
By DOUGLASS MEKEE
ANOTHER EARTH-BOUND SHIPMENT OF VITAWOOD FROM ASTRAX, EH?
FROM THE DIARY OF GALE ALLEN:
"Until our stratoliner passed the 11th mercator, until the yellow rocko-freighter whizzed by, our trip had been uneventful —"
VITAWOOD! IF WE HAD THE VALUE OF THAT CARGO, PROFESSOR, WE COULD BUILD THE GREATEST LABORATORY IN THE WORLD.
LISTEN—THE INTERCOM FROM THE PILOT'S CHAMBER!
SOMETHING WRONG—WE'RE IN A SPIRAL TURN! WHAT'S THAT FROM THE ETHER? POWER FAILING—CAN'T AVOID IT!
LIKE A MONSTER IN THE MISTS—IT'S COMING CLOSER! IT'S REACHING FOR US!
"And from the window we saw it—a shape beyond believing—a hand clawed forth, and then the crash!"

MEANWHILE ON ASTRAX..
AH, BROTHER, ANOTHER SHIP TRAPPED BY MY STATIS RAY FOR YOUR MONSTER TO PLUCK.
BAH! ONE WOULD THINK YOUR RAY WAS A SCIENTIFIC MARVEL—COMPARED TO MY WORK, IT IS BUT CHILD'S PLAY!
WELL DONE—COLOSSUS! NOW THE BOWL!
SHAKE IT WELL, AND BE SURE WE HAVE THEM ALL.
YES-YES-I CAN SEE THROUGH THE VITASCOPE THAT YOU MADE A GOOD HAUL.
THAT'S RIGHT-THROW AWAY THE SHIP—NOW PICK OUT A STRONG ONE
2


CAREFUL NOW AND DON'T BRUISE HIM. THAT'S RIGHT- PLANT HIM KNEE DEEP!

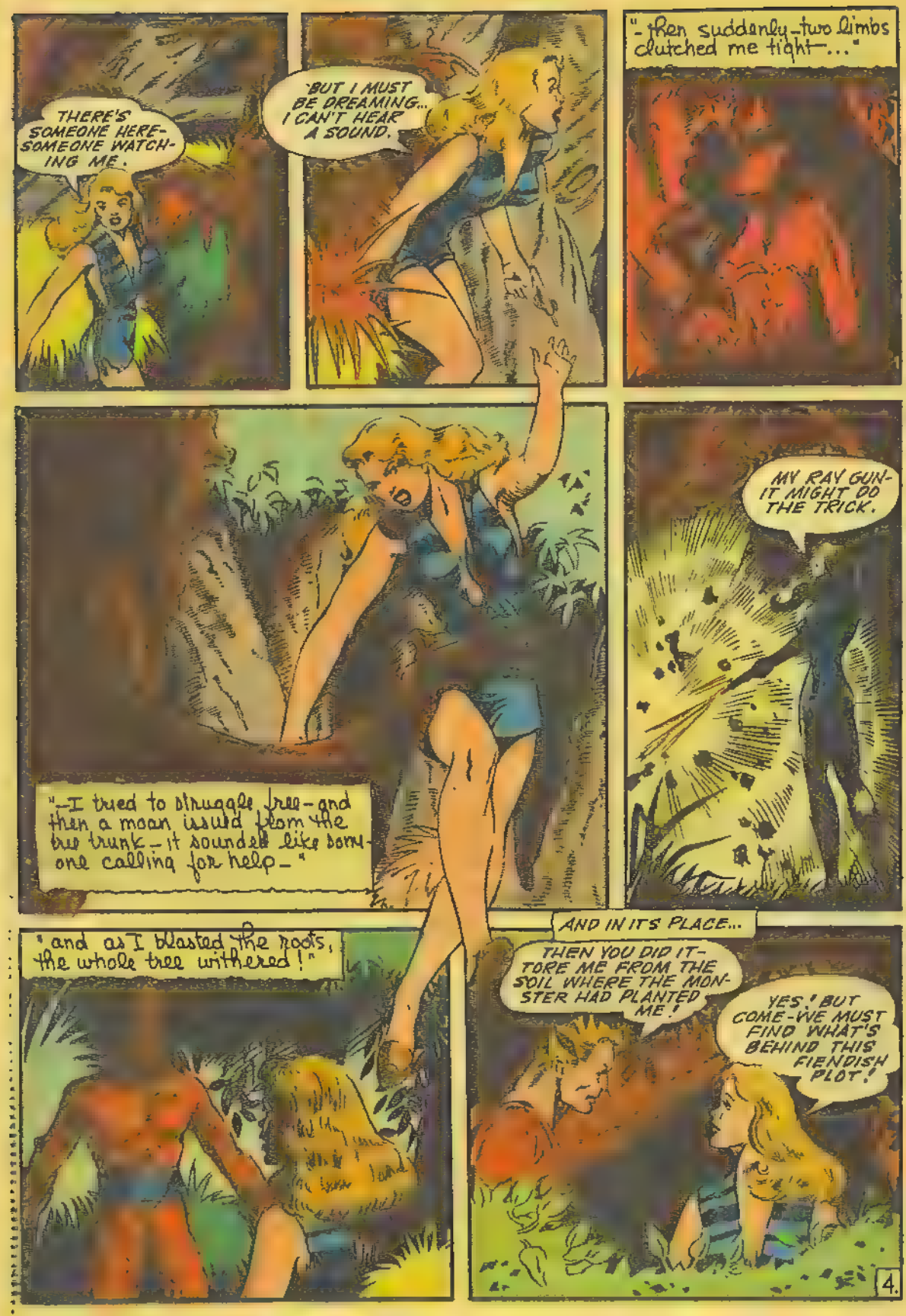
LEAVE HIM COLOSSUS- ALREADY HE TAKES ROOT!

"Meanwhile — I had managed to hold on when the monster shook the ship. — Suddenly there was a crash, and everything went blank —"

"For hours I lay there stunned—then my head slowly cleared —"

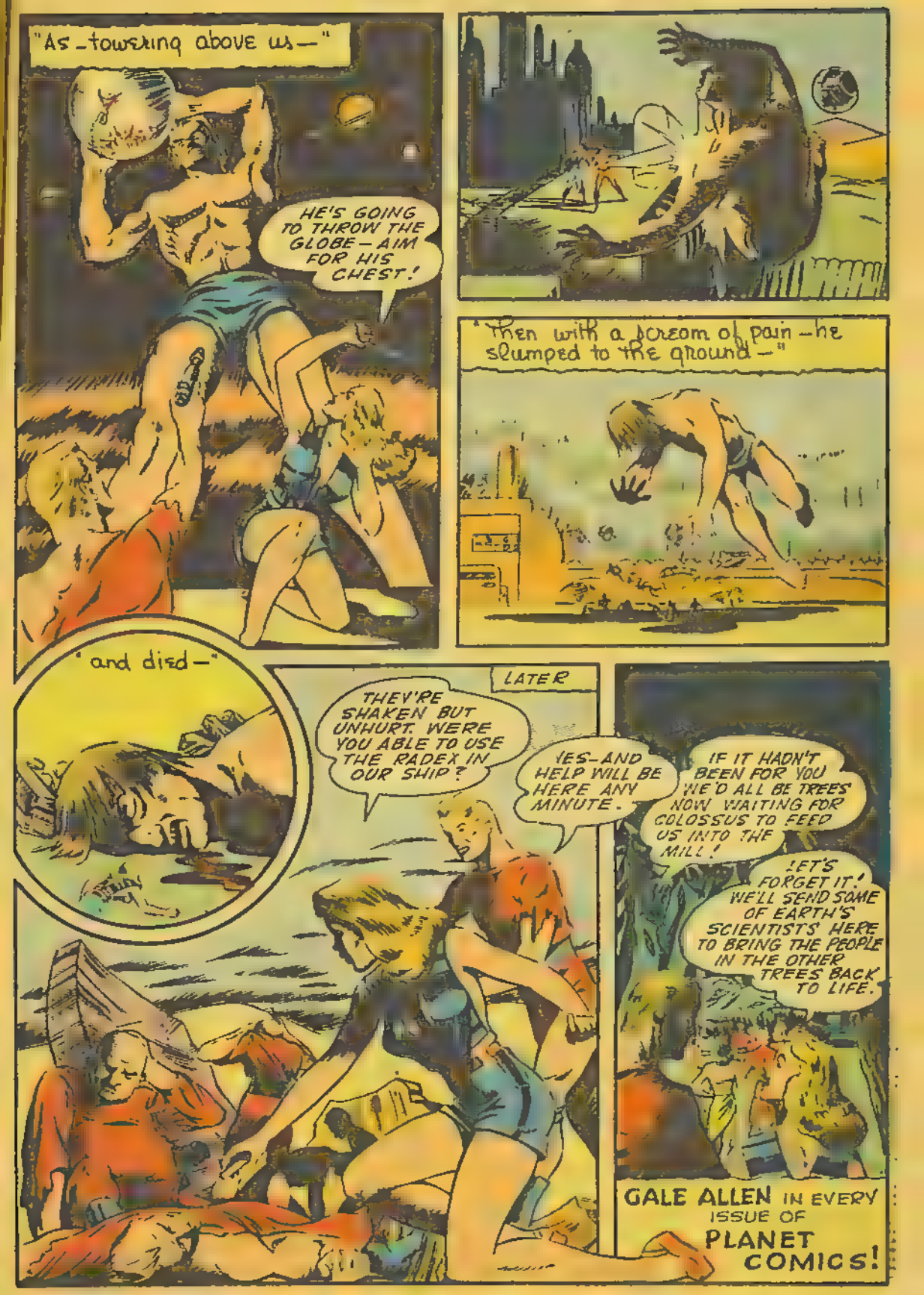
"And I staggered to my feet.- Everything looked strange —"

"Overhead-the trees were nodding — and pointing long finger-like branchss at me. They seemed to be urging me to hurry —"
3


THERE'S SOMEONE HERE-SOMEONE WATCHING ME.
BUT I MUST BE DREAMING... I CAN'T HEAR A SOUND.
"-then suddenly-two limbs clutched me tight-..."
"-I tried to struggle free-and then a moan issued from the tree trunk-it sounded like someone calling for help-"
MY RAY GUN-IT MIGHT DO THE TRICK.
"and as I blasted the roots, the whole tree withered!"
AND IN ITS PLACE...
THEN YOU DID IT-TORE ME FROM THE SOIL WHERE THE MONSTER HAD PLANTED ME!
YES! BUT COME-WE MUST FIND WHAT'S BEHIND THIS FIENDISH PLOT!
4.

MEANWHILE-
COLOSSUS-WE'RE STARTING THE MILL-BRING MORE VITA-WOOD.
"Instantly, the monster's hand plucked up a human tree—"
BRING MORE-WE HAVE A SHIPMENT GOING OUT TOMORROW!
"For hours we wandered in the woods-then suddenly saw a huge building ahead"
A SAWMILL—THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!
SO THAT'S THE SCHEME-PLANTING HUMANS-GROWING THEM INTO TREES, AND THEN CUTTING THEM UP!
LOOK-THERE'S THE OPERATOR-WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
COLOSSUS-COME QUICKLY-TWO OF YOUR HUMANS ARE HERE!
SO, BROTHER, IT'S MY BRAINCHILD YOU CALL ON-NOT YOUR STASIS RAY!
5

UP WITH YOUR HANDS, QUICK!
STOP- STOP! I SAY!
FOOLS-LOOK BEHIND YOU! COLOSSUS HEARD ME. HE'S COMING TO SAVE US... OHHH—
STOP- GOOD HEAVENS-THEY'VE FALLEN!
"And from where we stood, we could hear their screams and watch them roll toward the whirling saws—"
"Then something blotted out the sun.
WHAT'S THAT? LOOK!
6


"As - towering above us —"
HE'S GOING TO THROW THE GLOBE — AIM FOR HIS CHEST!
"Then with a scream of pain — he slumped to the ground —"
"and died —"
LATER
THEY'RE SHAKEN BUT UNHURT. WERE YOU ABLE TO USE THE RADEX IN OUR SHIP?
YES — AND HELP WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE.
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU WE'D ALL BE TREES NOW WAITING FOR COLOSSUS TO FEED US INTO THE MILL!
LET'S FORGET IT! WE'LL SEND SOME OF EARTH'S SCIENTISTS HERE TO BRING THE PEOPLE IN THE OTHER TREES BACK TO LIFE.
GALE ALLEN IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

DOORWAY TO DESTRUCTION

By GAROLD S. HATFIELD

OLD KELVIN MARTIN strained futilely against the rope that held immovable his thin wrists. A crimsoned bruise raced across his forehead where Vance had slugged him with a heavy hand.

"Don't be a complete fool, Vance!" he said harshly. "That machine can't bring you anything but trouble!"

The scientist's burly assistant glanced wearily up from where he coupled heavy batteries in series at the rear of the glittering machine that entirely filled one corner of the windowless room.

"Shut up," he said tonelessly.

Kelvin Martin sagged back in sheer futility, felt a deadly numbness creeping through his extremities from the tightness of his bonds. He watched the other out of eyes faintly fearful and desperate.

"I'll make a deal, Vance," he said finally. "I've got about eight thousand dollars in the bank; free me, don't try to use that machine, and the money is yours!"

Jon Vance's laughter was brittle and scornful.

"Eight thousand!" he sneered. "Hell, I've seen those snapshots you brought back! Any one of those gems the 'other people' wore would bring that. And I intend to bring back all I can carry!"

Kelvin Martin shivered, remembering the restless cruelty that had lain in the creatures he had found with his machine. There was still a dull ache along his ribs where a needle-like ray of terrific energy had seared.

"They aren't human, Vance." He tried to speak quietly, endeavored to drive his point with impersonal logic. "They are of a fierceness and cruelty such as you could not comprehend. And with their superior weapons, they'd subjugate the entire world in a matter of days."

"Hooey!" Jon Vance spat insolently, patted the .45 automatic at his hip. "I think I might do a bit of subjugating myself."

He tested the batteries.

"I don't know how it works, Martin," he said briefly. "But I don't care, just as long as it makes me rich."

Of course, Jon Vance did not fully understand the machine; even he, himself, had trouble at times in comprehending the space-warping propensities of the machine he had built over a period of three years.

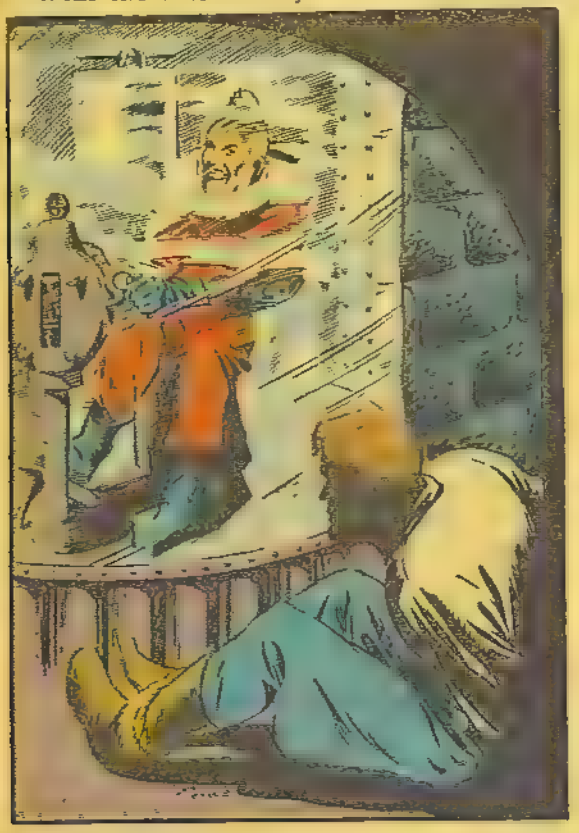
He knew only that the machine warped itself and its occupant into another universe—a galactic maelstrom of whirling suns and gigantic planets—onto a world where he had met a race of living beings that seemed to be super-endowed with unhuman hate and cruelty.

He felt the sickness of futility within him when he remembered the one time he had invaded that other space. He had stepped from the machine and been greeted, cautiously but cordially, by those great-headed super-beings. For days he had been entertained and shown the weird sights of that alien planet. And it wasn't until he woke one night, to see the curious machine hanging motionless over him, its pale blue aura covering his sleeping couch, that he realized that he was being drained of his knowledge subtly every night.

He had raced from his sleeping room,

fought with the single gun he had taken with him, blasted his way through the screaming mob that tried to hold him captive. He had fought down the long stairs, through the palace door, and had fled into the night, pursued by the men who had protested their friendship.

With his last bullet, he had killed the



High-Priest, stepped over the prone body, and lurched into his machine. His fingers had flicked the levers on the control panel; there was the instant hum of purring power —and then the machine had whisked him back to his own planet.

He had sat for hours in the machine, too drained of energy to move, knowing that only a miracle had saved his machine's secret from the aliens that had planned to use it for an invasion of another space.

But now, because of the stupid greed of Jon Vance, because the man did not realize the slavery and terror the aliens would bring to Earth, the machine was gone—and he was a prisoner in the laboratory room.

He made one final desperate plea.

"All right, Vance, if that's the way it is," he said tiredly. "But if anything goes wrong, destroy that machine; those monsters will use it to invade our system."

Jon Vance whistled thoughtfully, watching the scientist out of shiny eyes, his heavy features drawn into a frown. Then he shrugged.

"If things don't go as planned, maybe I can make a deal," he said. "After all, I always did think I would like to be a big shot."

"You couldn't!" Sheer horror froze Martin into motionlessness.

"The hell I couldn't!" Jon Vance stooped, edged through gleaming wires, seated himself at the machine's controls.

He twisted a rheostat, closed a switch, grinned at the supine scientist. Kelvin Martin said nothing more, but there was a grim determination replacing the panic in his faded eyes.

A vacuum tube swelled with coruscating colors, and a nimbus of light grew from a lacing of wires around the edges of the machine. There was a dull throbbing in the close air, a rushing sense of the releasing of terrible, unknown power. A misty curtain seemed to be drawing tight about the machine's outline.

Then the machine was gone from its platform, and Kelvin Martin was alone in the great, bare experimental room.

Kelvin Martin didn't move for seconds, then he struggled into a sitting position. He fought the ropes with a silent doggedness that sent the hot blood pounding turgidly at his temples. His mouth gaped, as he strained and twisted futilely, and the panic in his eyes was a terrible force.

Then he sagged limply, realizing that the ropes were too well-knotted for him to release himself unaided.

"God!" he prayed.

He drew his legs beneath him, shoved himself back until his shoulders touched a side wall. Sitting there, he searched the room with feverish eyes for any object with

a cutting edge. His heart sank, when he saw the bare sterility of the room. Without windows, without tools or furniture, there was not a thing in the room that could be broken or used to sever the cutting ropes at his wrists.

Kelvin Martin sobbed deep in his throat, glanced at the door, remembering how Vance had locked it an then pocketed the key.

He remembered the cigar lighter in his pocket, tried to fumble it out, with the intention of burning his bonds. Dull horror pounded at his mind when he realized that his hands were completely numb, without the power of following the dictates of his mind.

He had no way of visualizing how long the treacherous Vance would be gone, no way of knowing whether the man would return victorious. But clear reasoning told him that the monstrous people of the other world would slay Vance, then use Martin's machine as the doorway through which to pass their conquering hordes. Too, the machine would serve as the model for more carriers.

He straightened at the thought, memory struggling for expression in his mind.

He followed the lines of the walls, leaning against them for support, edging forward with agonizing slowness by jumping his tied feet. Perspiration dotted his white face, and his thinning hair lay tight on his small head, but slowly the smile broadened on his lips.

At last, he rested against the wall, then gently slid to a seated position. He tested his bonds again, ceased the futile struggle almost immediately.

He sat for a time, then lay back and stared at the ceiling. He thought of many things in those passing moments, thoughts of his dreams of giving scientific miracles to the world, of having his bust in the Hall of Fame, of people he had known and things he had done.

Regret shadowed his memories, when he remembered things that he had left undone and unforgiven. Then he shrugged a bit, lay breathing quietly, waiting for the machine to return.

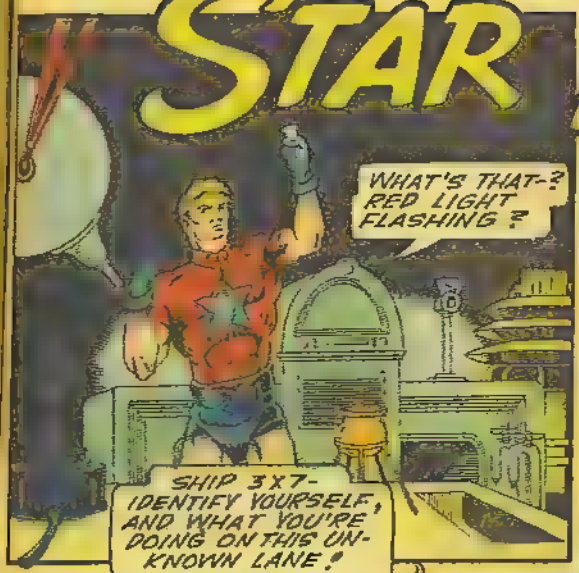
He felt the sensation of released forces a few seconds before the machine reappeared. He sat, drew his legs to his chest, scooted back a few feet. He waited, content, wondering just what would happen. He was smiling when the machine and its unhuman occupants whisked out of nothing into shadowy being. One glance they had of the triumphant smile on his tired face—then the very air seemed to explode with gigantic twistings and loopings of unleashed forces.

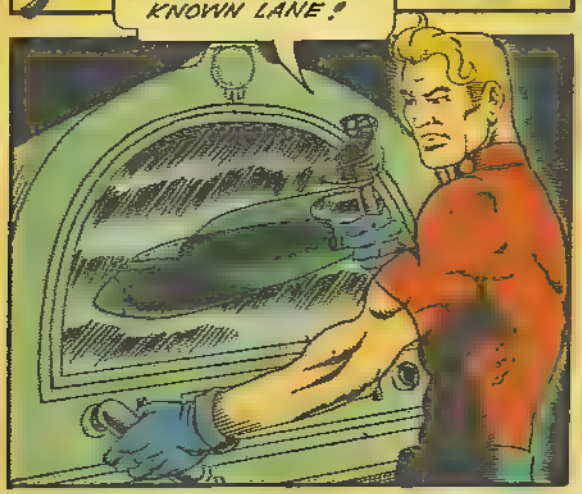
For scientist Kelvin Martin had remembered one scientific fact from his college days. He had recalled that two material objects may not occupy the same period of space.

And sitting, bound, on the machine's platform, he had awaited the coming of the Frankensteinian monster he had created.

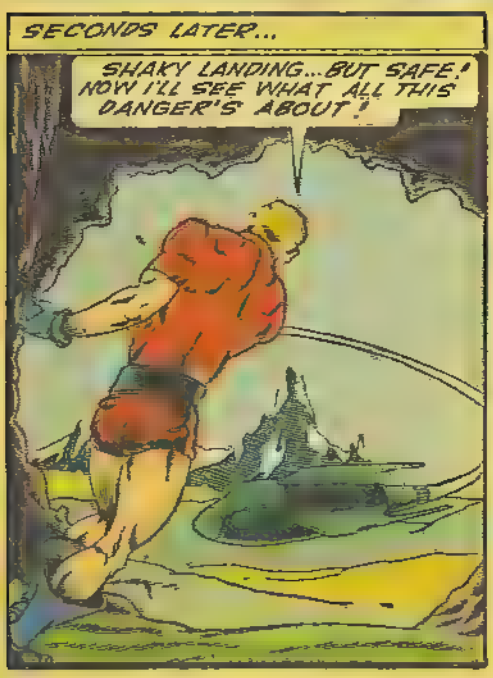
STAR PIRATE

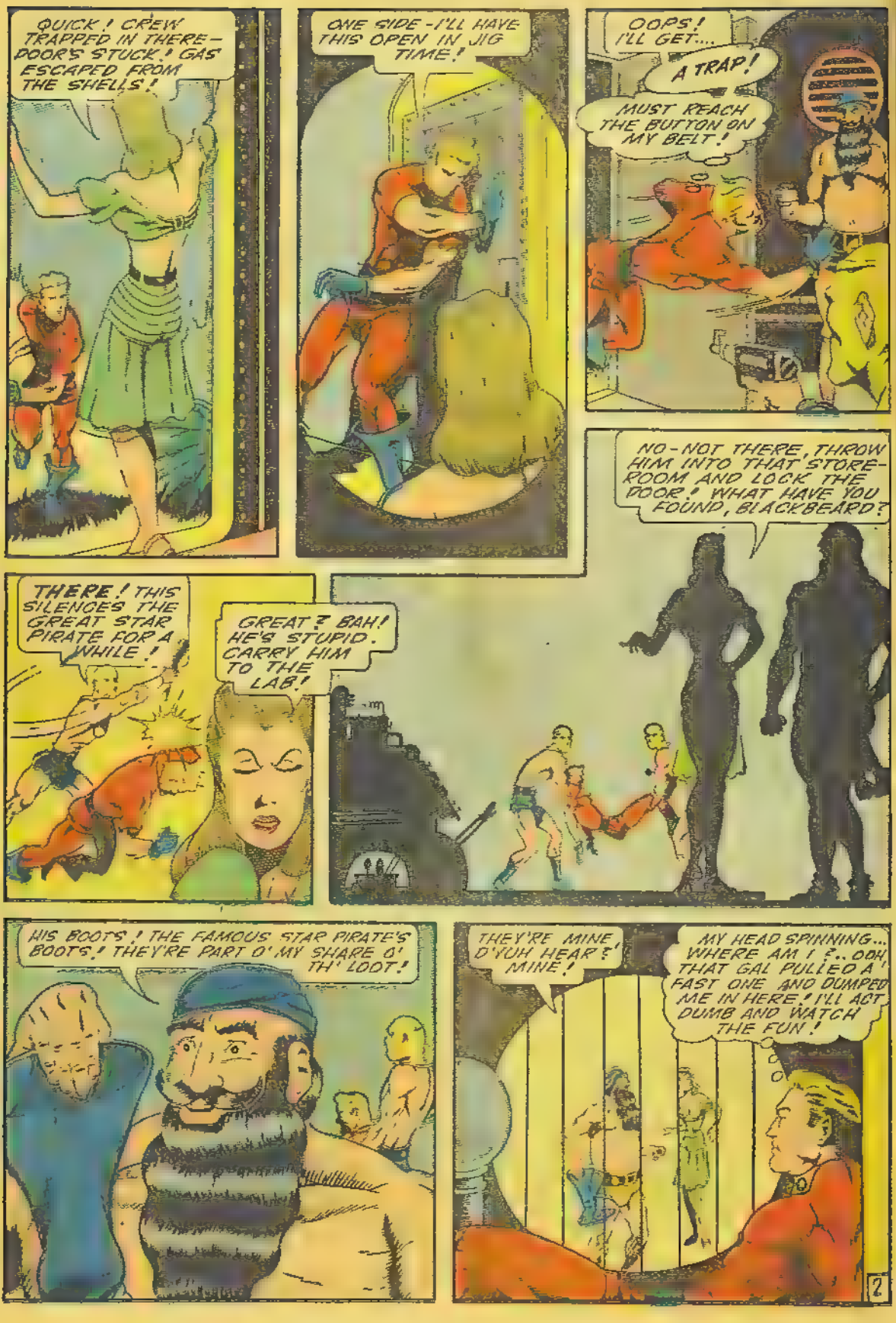
by LEN DOUGLAS





3X7- CREW IN DANGER- CAN'T OPERATE SHIP. LOST DIRECTIONS... I'M CAUGHT IN THIS MAGNETIC GRIP THAT SURROUNDS YOUR PLANET! HELP ME- PLEASE!
A LADY! OKAY, I'LL FLIP THE SWITCH AND YOU TRY FOR A LANDING!

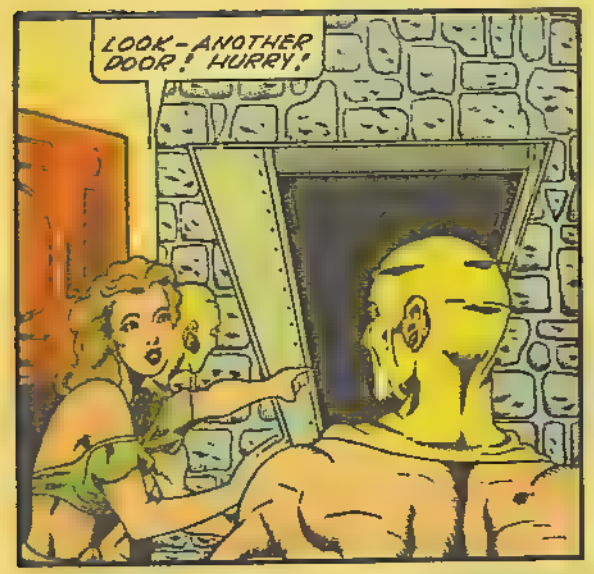


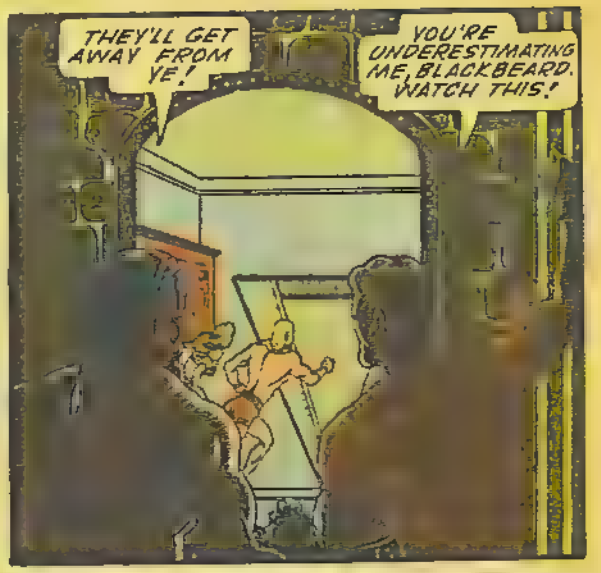

QUICK! CREW TRAPPED IN THERE—DOOR'S STUCK! GAS ESCAPED FROM THE SHELLS!
ONE SIDE—I'LL HAVE THIS OPEN IN JIG TIME!
OOPS! I'LL GET...
A TRAP!
MUST REACH THE BUTTON ON MY BELT!
NO—NOT THERE, THROW HIM INTO THAT STORE-ROOM AND LOCK THE DOOR! WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND, BLACKBEARD?
THERE! THIS SILENCES THE GREAT STAR PIRATE FOR A WHILE!
GREAT? BAH! HE'S STUPID. CARRY HIM TO THE LAB!
HIS BOOTS! THE FAMOUS STAR PIRATE'S BOOTS! THEY'RE PART O' MY SHARE O' TH' LOOT!
THEY'RE MINE D'YUH HEAR? MINE!
MY HEAD SPINNING... WHERE AM I?.. OOH, THAT GAL PULLED A FAST ONE AND DUMPED ME IN HERE! I'LL ACT DUMB AND WATCH THE FUN!

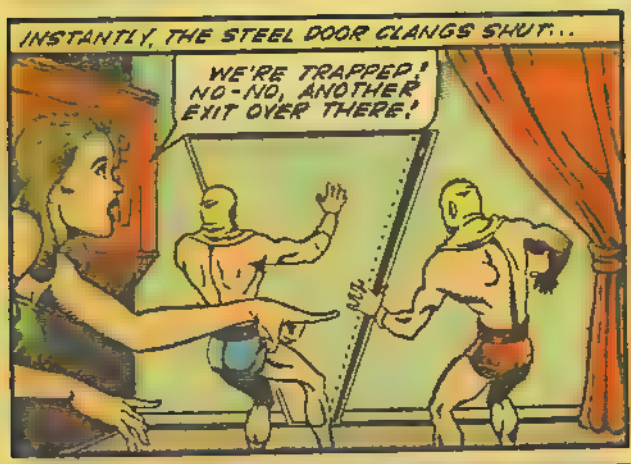
BLACKBEARD! HAND THEM OVER - I'M THE BOSS OF THIS OUTFIT!
MEBBE, BUT NOT THIS TIME. RUN ALONG, YOU KIN HAVE THE REST O' THE LOOT!
SEIZE HIM, HOODS!
WHAT! YOU'D TURN ON ME? WHY YUH SHE DEVIL!
I'LL KNOCK 'EM ALL OUT - THEN I'LL GET YOU!
BUT..
THIS TIME YOU WIN, BUT MY TURN'LL COME LATER, HELL-CAT!
THROW HIM IN WITH STAR PIRATE. NOW I'LL TRY ON THESE BOOTS. I'VE HEARD THAT HE CAN JUMP AMAZING DISTANCES WITH THEM.
BUT...
HAW - ONLY THREE FEET!
HO-HO!
STOP LAUGHING. MAYBE I DIDN'T HANDLE THEM RIGHT!
SHE DOESN'T KNOW I'VE GOT THE BELT THAT CONTROLS THE BOOTS! NOW I'LL GIVE HER A REAL RIDE!

SUDDENLY .
WHAT! SHE'S FLYIN' STRAIGHT UP IN THE AIR!
HELP! GRAB ME!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! BUT WHAT HAPPENED?
I-I'M NOT SURE! I'D BETTER TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT THESE BOOTS!
BENDING OVER- I'LL PRESS IT AGAIN!
OOF!
THAT'S ENOUGH - THAT'S ENOUGH! THESE BOOTS AREN'T FOR ME. COME ON, WE'LL FIND STAR'S STOREROOM AND GET THE LOOT!
THERE THEY GO, ME BUCKAROO. SORRY I GOT YUH INTO THIS, LAD, YOU'RE PROBABLY A NICE GUY AT HEART!
SAVE THE COMPLIMENTS, BLACKBEARD, AND FOLLOW ME!
4

FOLLOW YOU? AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
THIS WAY! IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW. JUST PRESS THIS PANEL...
AND REVEALED IS ONLY ONE OF MY HIDDEN PASSAGES.
GOTTA HAND IT TO YUH, STAR! LET'S GO
CAREFUL, THAT'S THE GIRL AHEAD, SHE CAN SEE US!
NO, THAT'S SPECIAL GLASS. WE CAN SEE HER, BUT SHE CAN'T SEE US!
HMM... THEY'RE LOOTIN' MY STOREROOM LIKE MAD. I'LL PULL THIS SWITCH AND START THE FUN!
YER A BAD MAN TO CROSS, STAR. YER BAG'S FULL O' TRICKS!
SUDDENLY, IN THE STOREROOM...
LOOK-SMOKE POURING FROM THOSE PIPES! GAS!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE - THIS WAY!
BUT, AS THEY NEAR AN EXIT...
COSMO RAYS! BACK-BACK OR WE'LL BE KILLED!

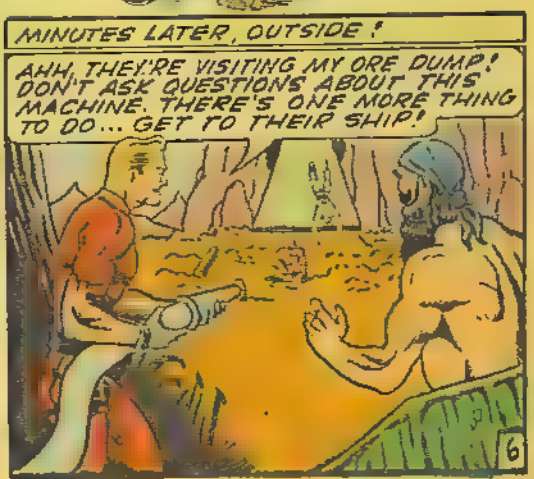

LOOK-ANOTHER DOOR! HURRY!

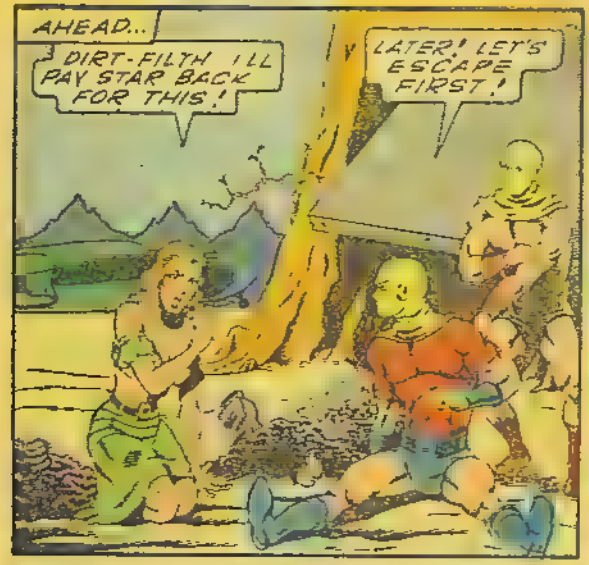

THEY'LL GET AWAY FROM YE!
YOU'RE UNDERESTIMATING ME, BLACKBEARD. WATCH THIS!

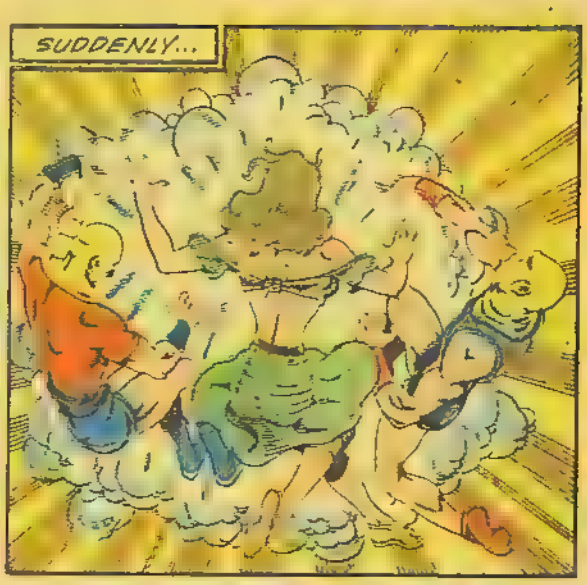

INSTANTLY, THE STEEL DOOR CLANGS SHUT...
WE'RE TRAPPED! NO-NO, ANOTHER EXIT OVER THERE!

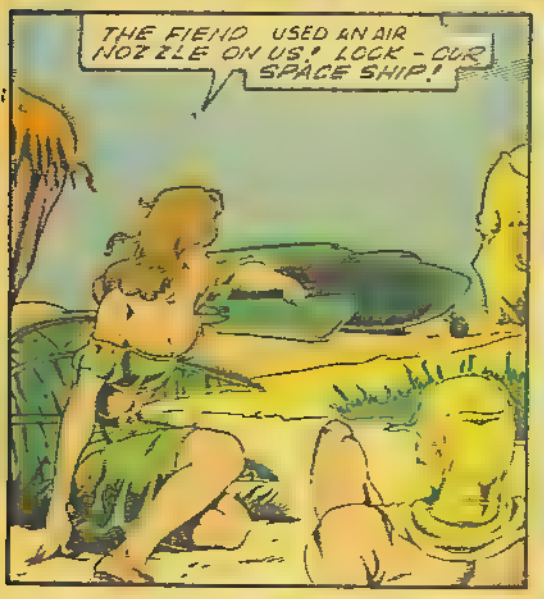
I DON'T LIKE THIS GOIN' ON - LET'S GET OUT AN' FORGET THE LOOT!
YOU'RE RIGHT! THIS PASSAGE MUST LEAD OUTSIDE!

SUDDENLY...
OHH! THE FLOOR'S TILTING!
HELP!


MINUTES LATER, OUTSIDE!
AHH, THEY'RE VISITING MY ORE DUMP! DON'T ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS MACHINE. THERE'S ONE MORE THING TO DO... GET TO THEIR SHIP!

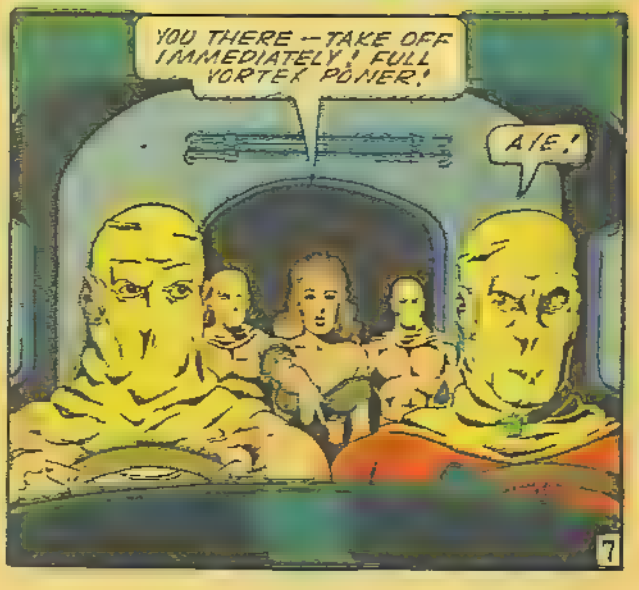

AHEAD..
DIRT-FILTH I'LL PAY STAR BACK FOR THIS!
LATER! LET'S ESCAPE FIRST!

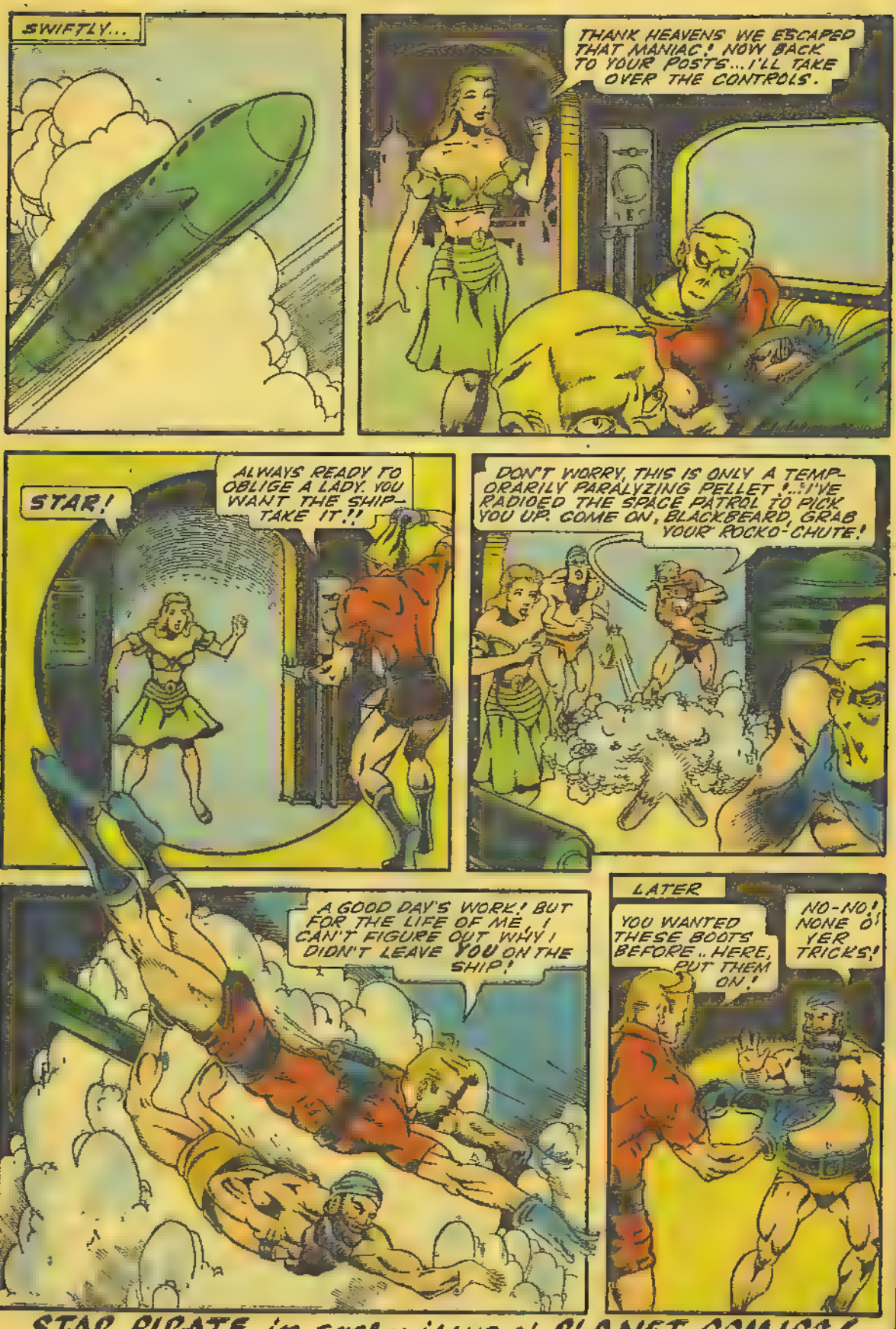

SUDDENLY...


THE FIEND USED AN AIR NOZZLE ON US! LOCK - OUR SPACE SHIP!

THERE'S ONE MORE ACT ON THE PROGRAM. NOW IF BLACKBEARD HAS DONE HIS PART...

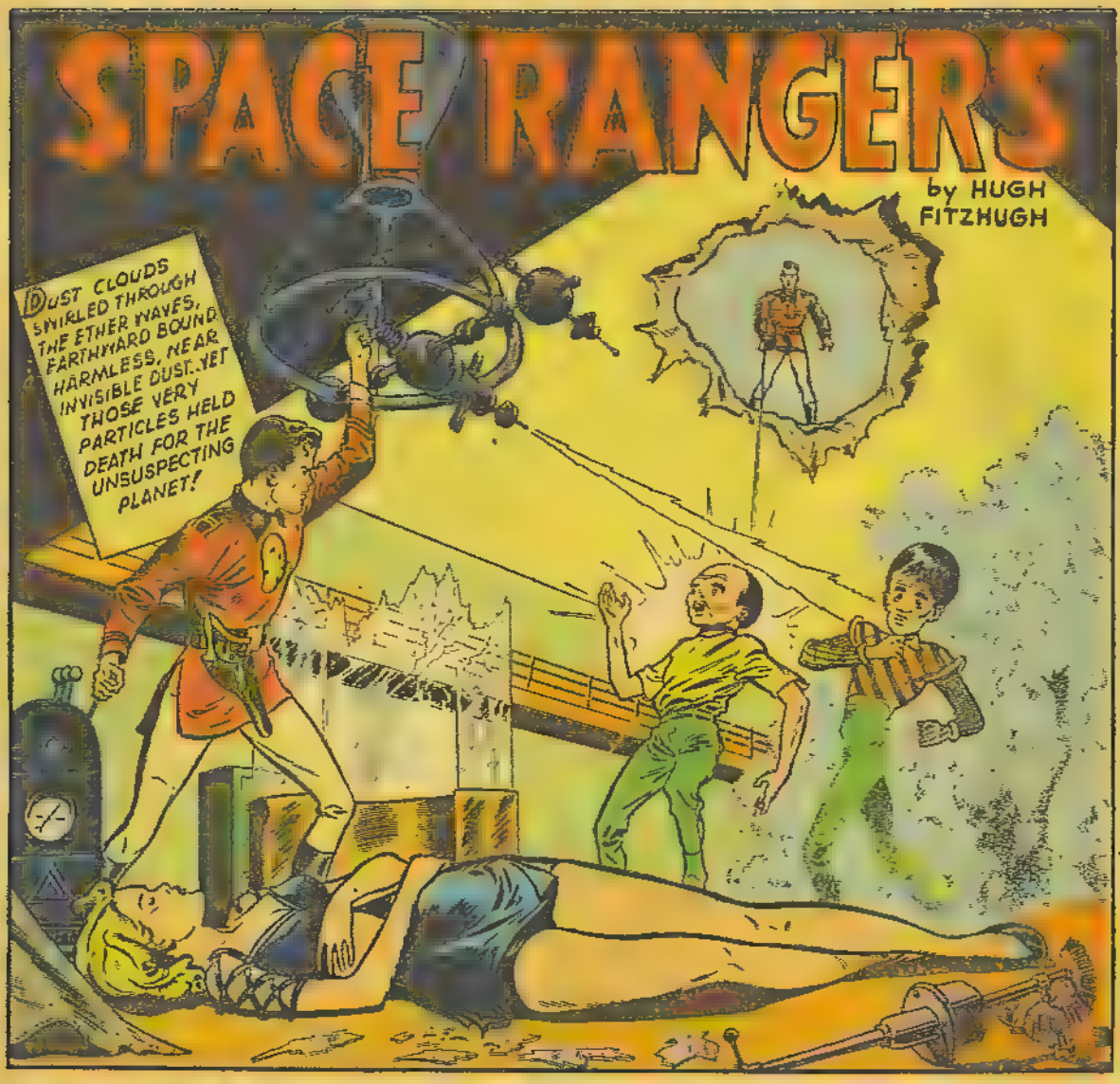
WE MADE IT... HE'S NOT FOLLOWING!
STOP TALKIN' AND JUMP IN!

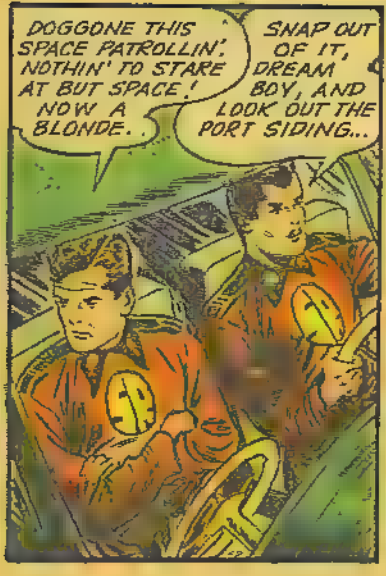

YOU THERE -- TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY! FULL VORTEX POWER!
AIE!

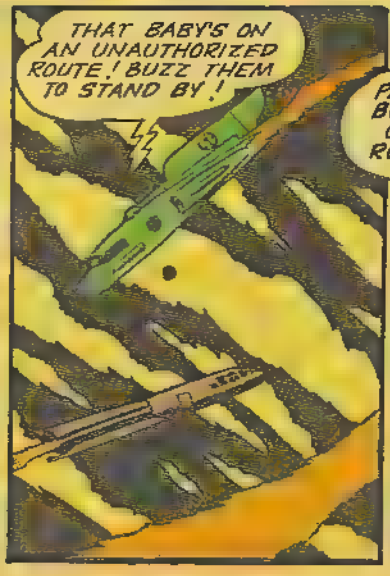

SWIFTLY...
THANK HEAVENS WE ESCAPED THAT MANIAC! NOW BACK TO YOUR POSTS... I'LL TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS.
STAR!
ALWAYS READY TO OBLIGE A LADY. YOU WANT THE SHIP— TAKE IT!!
DON'T WORRY, THIS IS ONLY A TEMP-ORARILY PARALYZING PELLET!... I'VE RADIOED THE SPACE PATROL TO PICK YOU UP. COME ON, BLACKBEARD, GRAB YOUR ROCKO-CHUTE!
A GOOD DAY'S WORK! BUT FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY I DIDN'T LEAVE YOU ON THE SHIP!
LATER
YOU WANTED THESE BOOTS BEFORE.. HERE, PUT THEM ON!
NO-NO! NONE O' YER TRICKS!

SPACE RANGERS

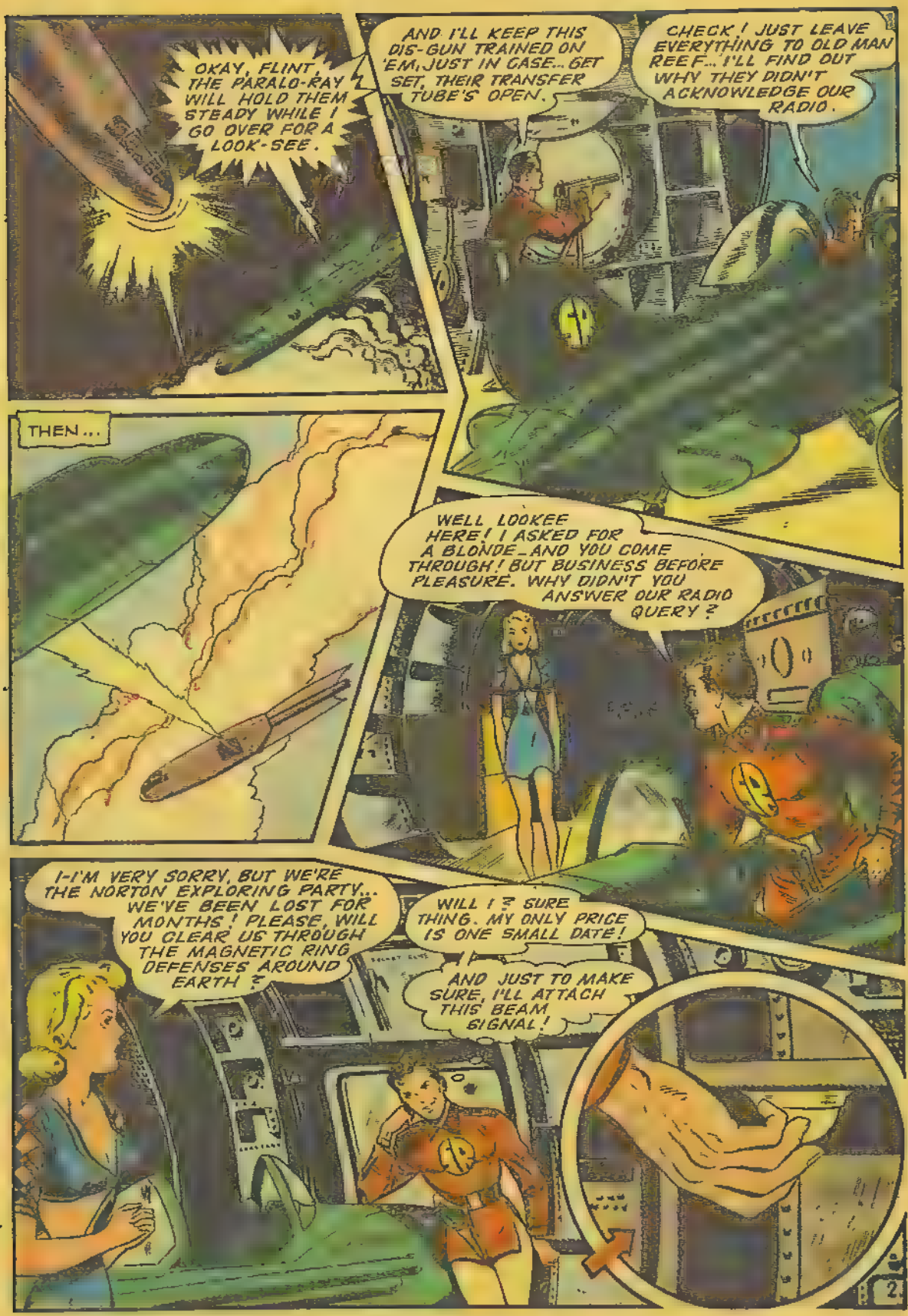
by HUGH FITZHUGH


DUST CLOUDS SWIRLED THROUGH THE ETHER WAVES, EARTHWARD BOUND HARMLESS, NEAR INVISIBLE DUST..YET THOSE VERY PARTICLES HELD DEATH FOR THE UNSUSPECTING PLANET!

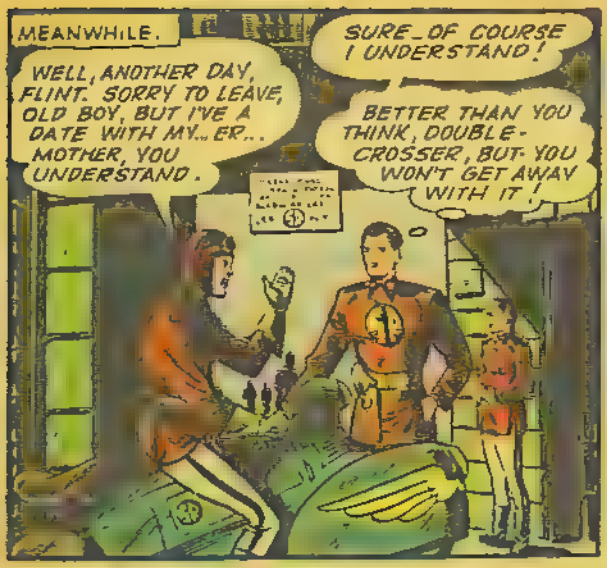

DOGGONE THIS SPACE PATROLLIN'. NOTHIN' TO STARE AT BUT SPACE! NOW A BLONDE..
SNAP OUT OF IT, DREAM BOY, AND LOOK OUT THE PORT SIDING..

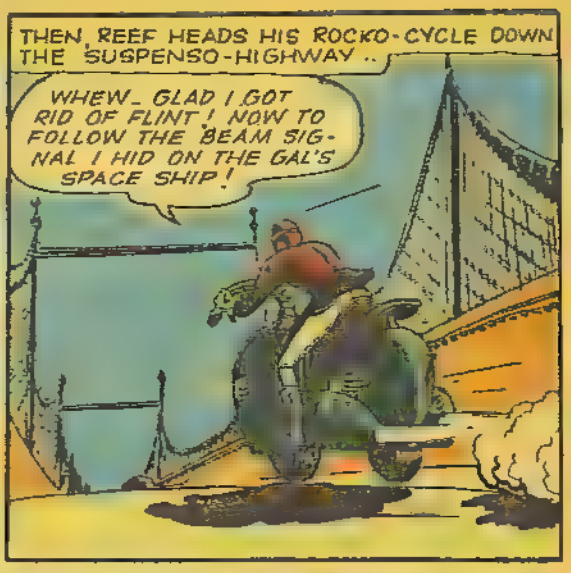


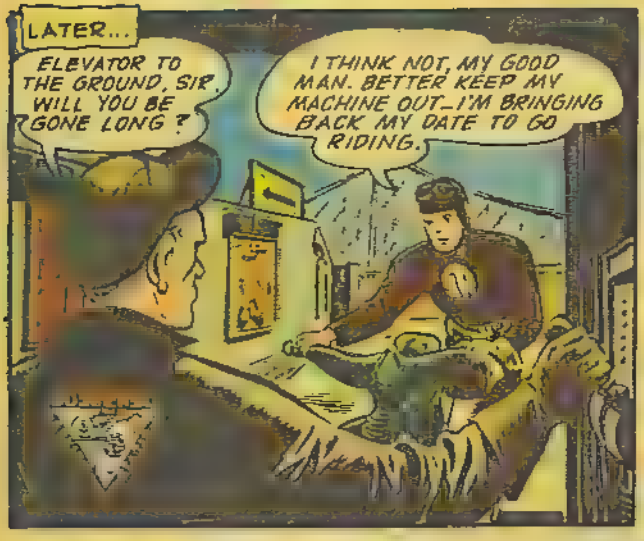
WHILE...
THE SPACE PATROL! IF THEY BOARD OUR SHIP OUR PLANS ARE RUINED!
FOOL! THE GIRL- THE GIRL! IT'S WORKED BEFORE- IT CAN WORK AGAIN!


OKAY, FLINT, THE PARALO-RAY WILL HOLD THEM STEADY WHILE I GO OVER FOR A LOOK-SEE.
AND I'LL KEEP THIS DIS-GUN TRAINED ON 'EM, JUST IN CASE... GET SET, THEIR TRANSFER TUBE'S OPEN.
CHECK! JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO OLD MAN REEF... I'LL FIND OUT WHY THEY DIDN'T ACKNOWLEDGE OUR RADIO.
THEN...
WELL LOOKEE HERE! I ASKED FOR A BLONDE—AND YOU COME THROUGH! BUT BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE. WHY DIDN'T YOU ANSWER OUR RADIO QUERY?
I-I'M VERY SORRY, BUT WE'RE THE NORTON EXPLORING PARTY... WE'VE BEEN LOST FOR MONTHS! PLEASE, WILL YOU CLEAR US THROUGH THE MAGNETIC RING DEFENSES AROUND EARTH?
WILL I? SURE THING. MY ONLY PRICE IS ONE SMALL DATE!
AND JUST TO MAKE SURE, I'LL ATTACH THIS BEAM SIGNAL!

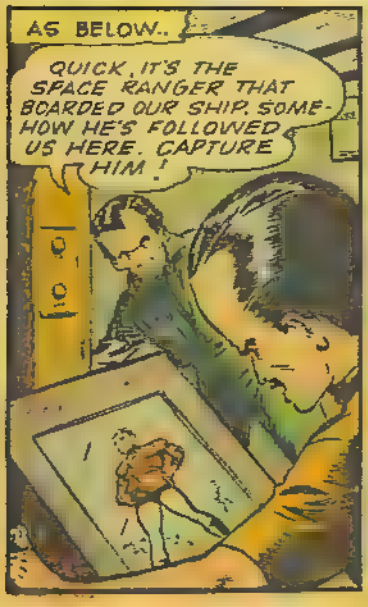
IT'S HIDDEN!
WELL, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO CHECK OUT. DON'T WORRY, I'LL CLEAR YOUR SPACE WAGON.
THANK YOU— THANK YOU SO MUCH!
SECONDS AFTER THE SPACE PATROL LEAVES...
AHH, DID IT NOT WORK, AS I SAID? HER MIND OBEYED MY EVERY WHIM!
YES, GRADA, NOW THERE IS NOTHING TO PREVENT OUR REACHING EARTH— AN EARTH THAT SHALL SOON BE OURS!
LATER, OVER A LONELY NORTHERN SECTION OF EARTH...
GRADA TO OUTPOST SEVEN. CODE 321... ARRIVING AS PLANNED WITH ASTRO-MOLECULE MACHINERY!
INSTANTLY A SECTION OF THE GROUND MOVES, REVEALING A PRESSURMATIC LANDING TUBE...
THE VISITORS FROM ANOTHER WORLD ROAR THEIR CRAFT FORWARD...
...AND THEN THE GROUND SLIDES SHUT— COMPLETELY SWALLOWING THE SHIP!


MEANWHILE.
WELL, ANOTHER DAY, FLINT. SORRY TO LEAVE, OLD BOY, BUT I'VE A DATE WITH MY... ER... MOTHER, YOU UNDERSTAND.
SURE—OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND!
BETTER THAN YOU THINK, DOUBLE-CROSSER, BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!


THEN, REEF HEADS HIS ROCKO-CYCLE DOWN THE SUSPENSO-HIGHWAY..
WHEW— GLAD I GOT RID OF FLINT! NOW TO FOLLOW THE BEAM SIGNAL I HID ON THE GAL'S SPACE SHIP!

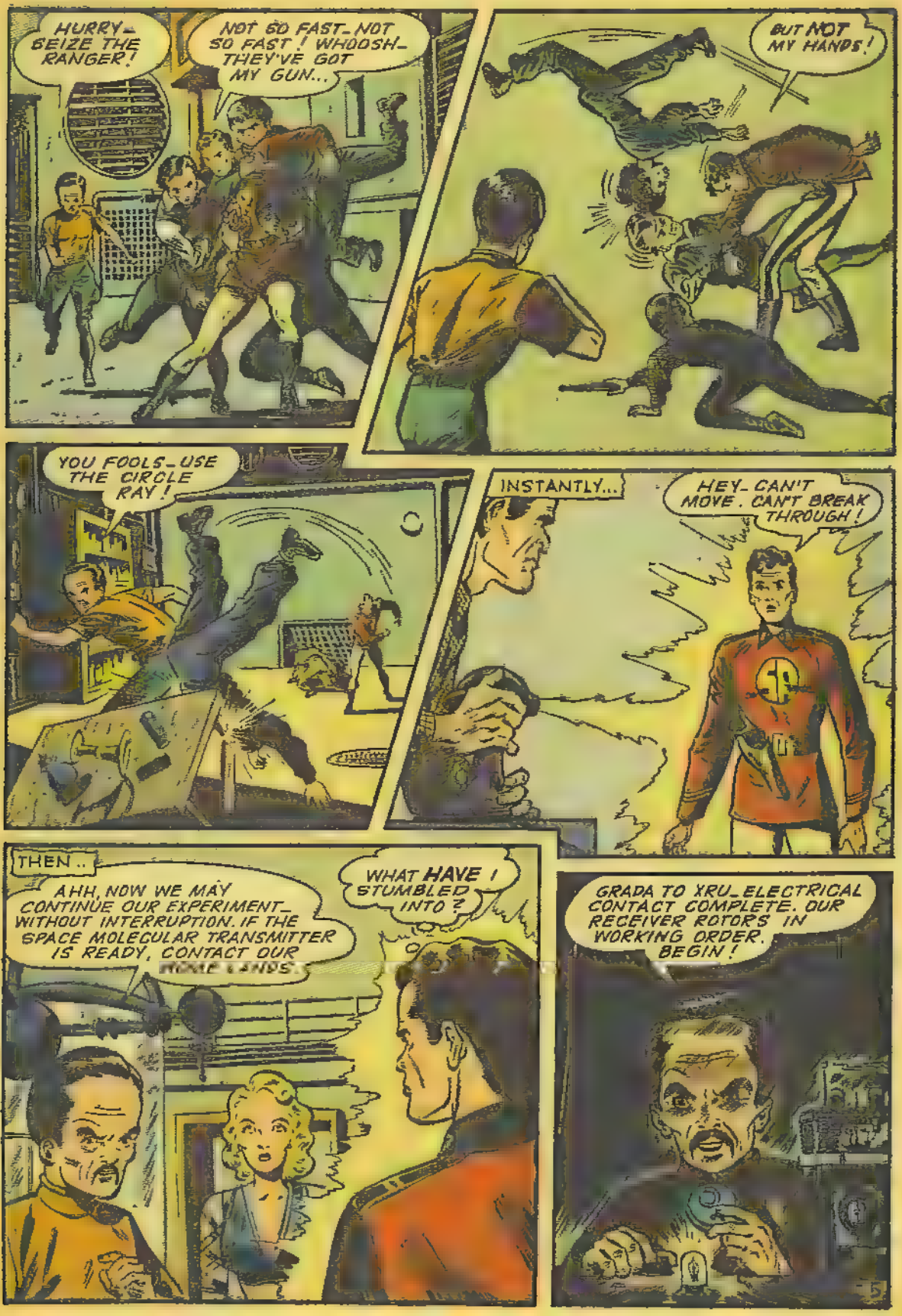

LATER...
ELEVATOR TO THE GROUND, SIR. WILL YOU BE GONE LONG?
I THINK NOT, MY GOOD MAN. BETTER KEEP MY MACHINE OUT—I'M BRINGING BACK MY DATE TO GO RIDING.

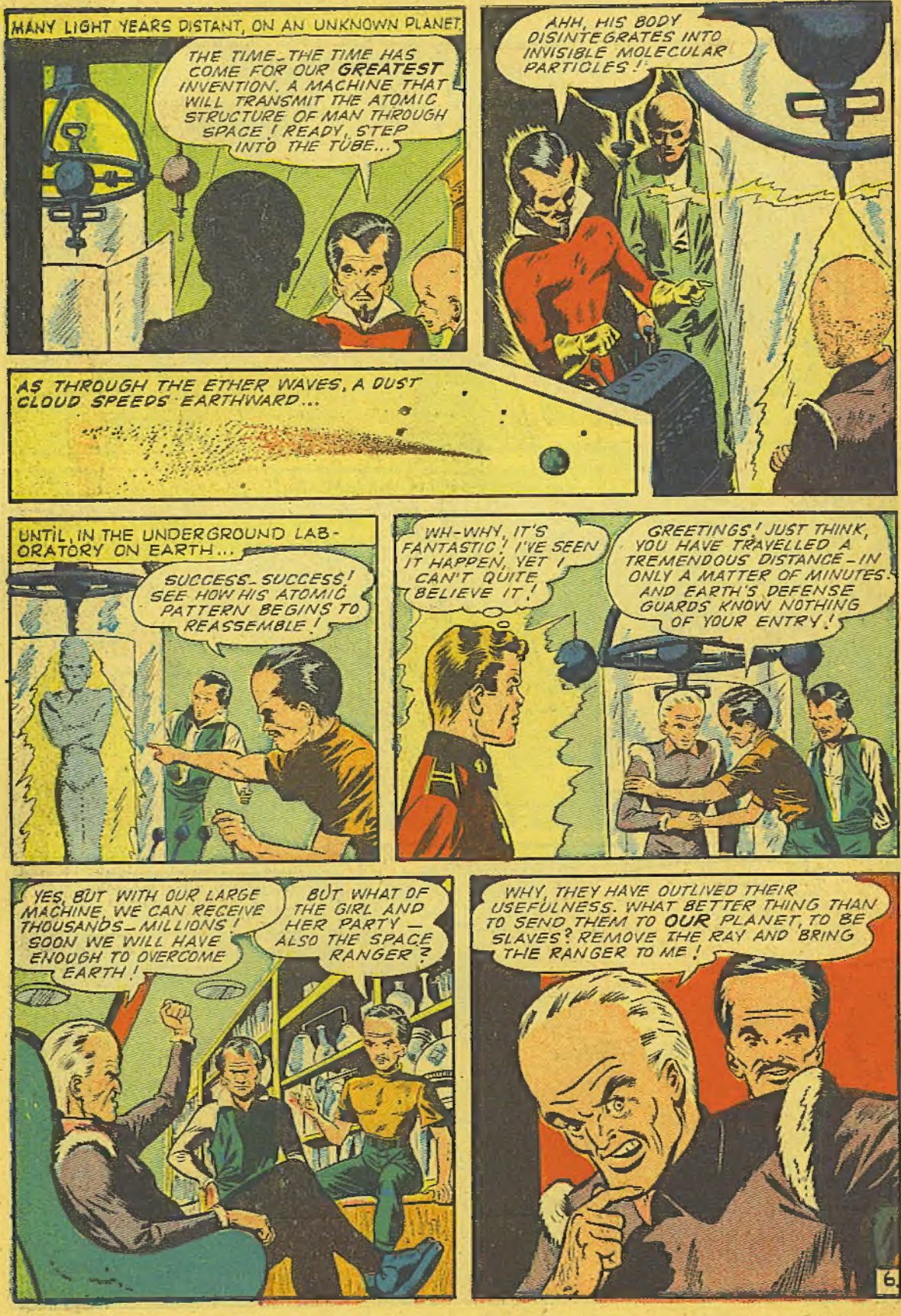
BUT, STILL LATER.
NOW WHAT? MY LOCATOR SHOWS A BUZZ-BUZZ BEAM— BUT THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT EMPTY COUNTRY! HMM... I WONDER...


AS BELOW..
QUICK, IT'S THE SPACE RANGER THAT BOARDED OUR SHIP. SOMEHOW HE'S FOLLOWED US HERE. CAPTURE HIM!

HEY, WHAT
OOPS!

FELL FOR THAT ONE! OHH, THAT GIRL— SAME ONE FROM THE SHIP, BUT SHE'S IN A TRANCE... AND THOSE ZOMBIES ARE CLOSING IN ON ME!


HURRY— SEIZE THE RANGER!
NOT SO FAST— NOT SO FAST! WHOOSH— THEY'VE GOT MY GUN...
BUT NOT MY HANDS!
YOU FOOLS— USE THE CIRCLE RAY!
INSTANTLY...
HEY— CAN'T MOVE. CAN'T BREAK THROUGH!
THEN..
AHH, NOW WE MAY CONTINUE OUR EXPERIMENT— WITHOUT INTERRUPTION. IF THE SPACE MOLECULAR TRANSMITTER IS READY, CONTACT OUR
WHAT HAVE I STUMBLED INTO?
GRADA TO XRU— ELECTRICAL CONTACT COMPLETE. OUR RECEIVER ROTORS IN WORKING ORDER. BEGIN!
5


MANY LIGHT YEARS DISTANT, ON AN UNKNOWN PLANET.
THE TIME—THE TIME HAS COME FOR OUR GREATEST INVENTION. A MACHINE THAT WILL TRANSMIT THE ATOMIC STRUCTURE OF MAN THROUGH SPACE! READY, STEP INTO THE TUBE...
AHH, HIS BODY DISINTEGRATES INTO INVISIBLE MOLECULAR PARTICLES!
AS THROUGH THE ETHER WAVES, A DUST CLOUD SPEEDS EARTHWARD...
UNTIL, IN THE UNDERGROUND LABORATORY ON EARTH...
SUCCESS—SUCCESS! SEE HOW HIS ATOMIC PATTERN BEGINS TO REASSEMBLE!
WH-WHY, IT'S FANTASTIC! I'VE SEEN IT HAPPEN, YET I CAN'T QUITE BELIEVE IT!
GREETINGS! JUST THINK, YOU HAVE TRAVELLED A TREMENDOUS DISTANCE—IN ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES! AND EARTH'S DEFENSE GUARDS KNOW NOTHING OF YOUR ENTRY!
YES, BUT WITH OUR LARGE MACHINE WE CAN RECEIVE THOUSANDS—MILLIONS! SOON WE WILL HAVE ENOUGH TO OVERCOME EARTH!
BUT WHAT OF THE GIRL AND HER PARTY — ALSO THE SPACE RANGER?
WHY, THEY HAVE OUTLIVED THEIR USEFULNESS. WHAT BETTER THING THAN TO SEND THEM TO OUR PLANET, TO BE SLAVES? REMOVE THE RAY AND BRING THE RANGER TO ME!
6

COME, DO NOT FEAR! LOOK INTO MY EYES!
IS THIS GUY CRAZY—DOES HE THINK HE CAN HYPNOTIZE ME AGAINST MY WILL?
BUT...
MY HEAD'S SPINNING—I'M SLIPPING UNDER HIS SPELL... IT'S NOW OR NEVER—
IT'S NOW! COME, CHUM, HAND PAPA THAT GUN!
HELP!
TOO LATE FOR HELP NOW! THE TABLES ARE TURNED! BACK—BACK AGAINST THE WALL, OR I'LL RAY-DOSE YOU ALL!
DO AS HE SAYS!
SMART LADS! DIDN'T BY ANY CHANCE THINK YOU'D GET THE BEST OF A SPACE RANGER, DID YOU?
OOPS!

SUDDENLY...
WATCH OUT- THE ROOF'S CAVING IN!
NO- LOOK! IT'S ANOTHER SPACE RANGER!
FLINT BAKER'S THE NAME- AND HERE'S MY CALLING CARD!
IT'S FLINT- GOOD OLD FLINT! BUT WHILE THEY'RE TANGLING WITH HIM I'LL FLIP ON THIS DISINTEGRATOR MACHINE AND SEE WHAT GIVES!
HOLY COW! IT'S EXPLODING 'EM INTO DUST!
LATER, AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARS AWAY...
COME ON DOWN AND JOIN THE PARTY, FLINT... LOOK, THE EXPLOSION SNAPPED THE OTHERS OUT OF THEIR TRANCE!
WHEW, IF YOU HADN'T COME THROUGH... BUT HOW'D YOU FOLLOW ME, FLINT?
SIMPLE, BRIGHT BOY. I ATTACHED A BEAM SIGNAL TO YOUR CYCLE! NOW WHAT WAS THIS ABOUT A DATE?
AFTER ALL YOU'VE DONE, SAVING MY LIFE! OH, I'D LOVE TO GO OUT WITH YOU!
OF ALL THE DIRTY... OH, WHAT'S THE USE?
SPACE RANGERS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS
I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
THANKS BOB, IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING
JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!
YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!

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If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

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